

SUMMER HIKING GUIDE 2013

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE • EXPLORE • EXPERIENCE

Swinging
From the
Trees in
FLAGSTAFF

10

OF OUR FAVORITE PLACES TO HIT THE TRAIL

"I could never resist the call of the trail." — WILLIAM F. "BUFFALO BILL" CODY



Sandys Canyon Trail

PLUS: OLYMPIC HOPEFUL ZEPHANIE BLASI • HOLBROOK • CHRISTOPHER CREEK
BARRY GOLDWATER'S RAINBOW LODGE • WAFFLES IN PRESCOTT • LARRY TOSCHIK

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People, places and things from around the state, including a longtime river rat who builds wooden boats; a Prescott diner that serves "bacon waffles"; and Holbrook, our hometown of the month.

16 SUMMER HIKING GUIDE 2013

Blobs of congealed lava, petrified Permian Period sand dunes and Vishnu Temple are some of the unusual things you'll see on the hikes in this month's cover story, and then there's the expected: meadows, mountains and streams.

BY ROBERT STIEVE

30 PERFECT ILLUSTRATIONS

In March 1967, *Arizona Highways* featured some paintings by an unknown artist named Larry Toschik. Almost overnight, Mr. Toschik went from obscurity to international recognition as one of the world's greatest wildlife artists. Over the next two decades, we published nearly 100 of his paintings. This month, we feature a few of our favorites.

A PORTFOLIO BY LARRY TOSCHIK

40 THE END OF THE RAINBOW

There aren't many places on the Navajo Indian Reservation that Barry Goldwater didn't explore — and love. But one of his favorites, his "piece of heaven," was Rainbow Lodge, a trading post that he co-owned from 1946 until it burned to the ground in 1951.

BY SUSAN SORG

44 IN IT FOR THE LONG HAUL

Howard Calvert is a retired schoolteacher from Phoenix. That alone is quite an accomplishment. But since the final bell rang, the 73-year-old has hiked the Appalachian Trail (2,200 miles) and the Pacific Crest Trail (2,660 miles), and in 2012, he completed the Arizona Trail (817 miles). He's logged a lot of miles, but he's gearing up for even more.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN SHELL

48 SWINGING FROM THE TREES

Miniature golf and go-karts are old standbys, but for a more exciting way of spending time with the family, check out Flagstaff Extreme, an obstacle course of sorts that's set — literally — in the ponderosa pines of Northern Arizona.

BY JACKI MIELER

50 BIKER CHICK

Zephania Blasi rides a Bianchi Methanol mountain bike. It's a powerful machine for a petite rider, but she can handle it, to say the least. In fact, Blasi is ranked as one of the 10 best female mountain-bikers in the country, and she's fighting for a spot on the U.S. Olympic Team that'll be headed to Brazil in 2016.

BY MARTIN CIZMAR

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WAGNER

52 SCENIC DRIVE

Young Highway: From the ponderosas of the Mogollon Rim to the saguaros of the Sonoran Desert, this National Scenic Byway goes from one extreme to another, all in the course of 74 miles.

54 HIKE OF THE MONTH

Rainbow Rim Trail: There are many incredible hikes along the various rims of the Grand Canyon, but one of the best is one you've never heard of.

GET MORE ONLINE

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Visit our website for details on weekend getaways, hiking, lodging, dining, photography workshops, slideshows and more.

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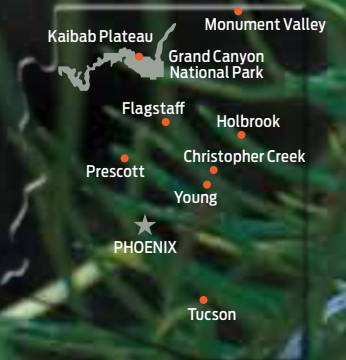
Check out our blog for regular posts on just about anything having to do with travel in Arizona, including Q&A's with writers and photographers, special events, bonus photos, sneak peeks at upcoming issues and more.

www.facebook.com/azhighways

Join our Facebook community to share your photographs, chat with other fans, enter trivia contests and receive up-to-the-minute information about what's going on behind the scenes at *Arizona Highways*.

Arizona Highways is on Instagram

Follow us @arizonahighways to see our travel photos from around the state.



POINTS OF INTEREST IN THIS ISSUE

▶ A golden columbine blooms along the Houston Brothers Trail on the Mogollon Rim. | NICK BEREZENKO

📷 CAMERA: NIKON D200; SHUTTER: 1/125 SEC; APERTURE: F/8; ISO: 400; FOCAL LENGTH: 70 MM

FRONT COVER Margeaux Bestard and her four-legged companion take a break on the Sandys Canyon Trail near Flagstaff. | DAWN KISH

📷 CAMERA: NIKON D700; SHUTTER: 1/500 SEC; APERTURE: F/8; ISO: 800; FOCAL LENGTH: 80 MM

BACK COVER Larry Toschik was a world-renowned illustrator of Arizona's wildlife, including javelinas. | LARRY TOSCHIK

A Brush With Greatness

Larry Toschik was just a kid when he turned pro. He didn't get rich that day, but when he sold one of his chalk drawings to a customer in his father's sporting-goods store in Milwaukee, he became a professional artist in the literal sense of the words.

The guy in the store offered him 50 cents, which doesn't sound like much, but in the early 1930s, a half-dollar would have bought a lot of Valomilk Candy Cups and Choward's Violet Mints. The money was nice, I'm sure, but more than that, the sale of the sketch helped launch an artistic career that would eventually get the attention of Raymond Carlson, the longtime editor of *Arizona Highways*. Decades later, it caught my eye, too.

I spend a lot of time flipping through old issues of this magazine — especially the stuff we did in the '40s, '50s and '60s — and about a year ago, I came across one of Mr. Toschik's illustrations. It was an oil painting of two snowy plovers, which made our cover in February 1982. I remember thinking: *I'd hang that in my house. Right over the fireplace.* I was impressed. Just as Mr. Carlson had been.

Over the next several weeks, I saw more and more of Mr. Toschik's work: mountain lions, golden eagles, black bears. I was mesmerized every time — I'd just stare at the pages. That's when I realized we needed to resurrect the artistry of Larry Toschik. I brought it up at our staff meeting, and we added it to the editorial calendar. The next day, literally, I opened a letter from Peder Andersen of Livermore, California. He was writing to share the sad news that his old World War II buddy, Larry Toschik, had passed away.

A few months later, I got an email from Tom Toschik: "*Arizona Highways* was literally bread and butter for our family through the '50s and '60s — my dad

designed the layouts for the magazine each month. I remember riding over to the magazine offices with him sometimes as he delivered his work to Ray Carlson. When the magazine decided to publish an article written by my dad, along with some of his paintings, in March 1967, none of us could have envisioned the transformation it would bring to our lives. The response to his artwork from around the world was phenomenal. He rose from obscurity to international recognition as one of the great American wildlife artists."



COURTESY TOSCHIK FAMILY

You'll see what Tom is referring to in *Perfect Illustrations*. It's a beautiful portfolio that features a small sample of the nearly 100 paintings and drawings that we published in the '70s and '80s. I love the javelina on our back cover, but I think my favorite is the illustration of the black bears and aspens on page 33. Bears and trees are two of my favorite things, and one of the main reasons I do so much hiking. I love Arizona's backcountry, which



PAUL MARKOW

takes center stage in this month's cover story. Like always, our annual *Summer Hiking Guide* features some of the state's most scenic places to hit the trail. And on those trails you'll see congealed lava, petrified sand dunes, mountains, meadows and streams. In addition, keep your eyes peeled for Howard Calvert. He's the 73-year-old mega-hiker who's featured in *In It for the Long Haul*. If you see him on the trail, tip your hat and say, "Glory to your feet." It's an old Albanian road greeting. If you see Zephania Blasi, don't bother

saying anything. You won't have time, because she'll be flying by on her Bianchi Methanol mountain bike, a high-performance machine that's worth more than the car she uses to haul it.

In *Biker Chick*, you'll learn more about Zephania and her love of mountain-biking, as well as her attempt to make the 2016 U.S. Olympic Team in a sport that's dominated by Europeans. She's not intimidated, though. Like Larry Toschik, she's a pro, and there aren't many others in her league. Glory to your feet, Zephania. And your legs and

your arms and all the rest.

COMING IN JULY ...

Our summer camping guide, featuring some of our favorite places to pitch a tent, including Lockett Meadow, Luna Lake and Benny Creek. Plus, we have a little something about s'mores.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

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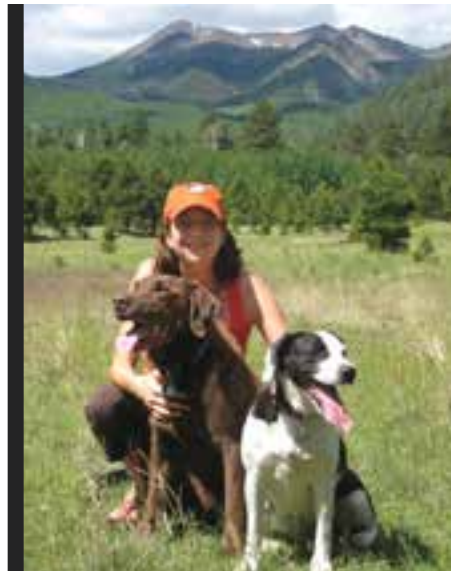
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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



ELLEN BARNES

If you like what you see in this magazine every month, check out *Arizona Highways Television*, an Emmy Award-winning program hosted by former news anchor Robin Sewell. For broadcast times, visit our website, www.arizonahighways.com, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.



JACKI MIELER

Writer Jacki Mieler learned about Flagstaff Extreme, a treetop adventure course, when she was working for the Flagstaff Convention and Visitors Bureau. "I was intrigued by the concept," she says, "and I often found myself talking about it to others, but not really knowing what I was talking about." She calls her experience at Flagstaff Extreme (see *Swinging From the Trees*, page 48) a "badge of honor," but says the facility itself is only part of the story. "It's a great example of a public-private partnership," Mieler says, "and of how these two entities can work together to create something really cool." Mieler is a frequent contributor to *Arizona Highways*.

SUSAN SORG

Susan Sorg says her story about Rainbow Lodge (see *The End of the Rainbow*, page 40) wouldn't have been possible without the help of Barry Goldwater's sons. "While so many of us knew him as 'The Senator,'" she says, "Mike and Barry Jr. knew him simply as 'Dad.'" During a phone interview with Barry Jr., Sorg was struck by how much he sounded like his father: "Even the laughter is nearly identical. And, just like his dad, Barry Jr. has some wonderful stories to tell." This is Sorg's first story for *Arizona Highways*. Her work has also been featured in *True West* and *Western Art Collector*.



MARTIN CIZMAR

Zephania Blasi (see *Biker Chick*, page 50) is one of the few professional mountain-bikers based in Arizona, which surprised writer Martin Cizmar. "We all know it's a great mountain-biking state for recreational riders," he says, "but the pros tend to be clustered in California, Wyoming and Utah. She's a rarity." And she's good, too. "You'd think she could



ride with the best guys around," Cizmar says. "Nope. She's too good. And the guys she's tried riding with can't handle it." In addition to *Arizona Highways*, Cizmar has written for *Phoenix New Times*, *Village Voice* and *Beer Advocate*.

— NOAH AUSTIN

SENDING A MESSAGE

There is a mesmerizing brilliance to *The Power of Life in a Very Hot Place* [April 2013]. Collaborators Charles Bowden and Jack Dykinga fashioned both a profoundly beautiful and awesome mosaic of this transformative country. It carries an inspiring message and music for the soul!

Ham Muus, Grand Marais, Minnesota



April 2013

THAT ANSWERS THAT QUESTION

The March 2013 issue answered the question I posed to my sister when she asked, “Have you ever read *Arizona Highways*?” I answered: “You mean it’s still being published? I read it many years ago. What else can be said about Arizona?” She laughed and said she would buy me a subscription. During the few weeks I waited for an issue to arrive, I reflected on earlier days when I had simply happened onto a copy of the magazine. I remember now it was the beautiful photographs and revealing stories of the people and places in Arizona that arrested my attention. It all made me want to visit the various towns and landscapes featured. For one reason or another, I visited very few of them. The magazine, however, served as an excellent substitute. So when my March issue arrived, I was thrilled to see the photos of wildflowers growing in different parts of the state and of Havasu Canyon. It was a joy to read the well-written stories on the contributions of the CCC boys in Arizona, the bees in Bisbee and the charismatic Navajo medicine woman, Dianna “Baby Sue” Uqualla. By gifting me this subscription, my sister answered my question: Yes. There is still more to see and write about the beautiful people and places in Arizona.

Jim Ady, West Richland, Washington

SIMPLE RECIPE

Thank you for the spectacular coverage of Pizzicetta [Best Restaurants 2013, April 2013]. We’re honored to be on the cover. Simplicity has always been at the root of my business. I believe it’s the best way to prepare Italian food, because it lets the

individual ingredients shine. Also, by doing less with the old Milum building, we allowed the character of the building to shine through, which your photographer captured beautifully.

Caleb Schiff, Flagstaff, Arizona

GRAY AREA

After reading the account of Bobbie Holaday’s courageous and unrelenting battle on behalf of Mexican gray wolf preservation [Active Voice, April 2013], this question came to mind: Why would any rational person want to eradicate the wolf or any other sentient being from the most beautiful landscape in all of America? Here in Michigan, there is a move afoot to kill wolves in response to unfounded hysteria by a few citizens and the legislature. Please give my gratitude to Ms. Holaday.

Chris H. Shupp, Battle Creek, Michigan

The situation in the Blue Range Wolf Reintroduction Area straddling the Arizona-New Mexico border is more complicated than Annette McGivney would have us believe. Although she writes that Bobbie Holaday “gradually won the ranchers over,” she doesn’t appear to have talked with any. In October 2012, I met one who had just lost a calf to the Elk Horn Pack. Won over? Hardly. Resigned would be closer to the mark.

Mac Greeley, Annapolis, Maryland

SEVENTIES FLASHBACK

Your update on Arcosanti [Meet the New Boss, January 2013] brought back memories of the early 1970s. Friends took us to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington,

D.C., to view Paolo Soleri’s *Arcology* exhibit, which so enthralled us that when we returned to Arizona, my husband, Bob, volunteered to help Paolo with the initial site survey at Arcosanti. The terrain was challenging, and Bob remembers Paolo holding the survey rod on his head to get a quick reading where one of the apses was to be built at a lower elevation on the hillside. A follow-up surveying trip included Paolo’s 90-something father, who was visiting from Italy. He wandered the site all day while Paolo and Bob surveyed. We visited Arcosanti as it took shape, but haven’t been there lately since we now live in central Italy, where we enjoy much of the concentrated living center and auto-free, pedestrian community concept that Paolo has advocated. Good luck to Jeff Stein as he furthers Arcosanti’s goals as an urban laboratory!

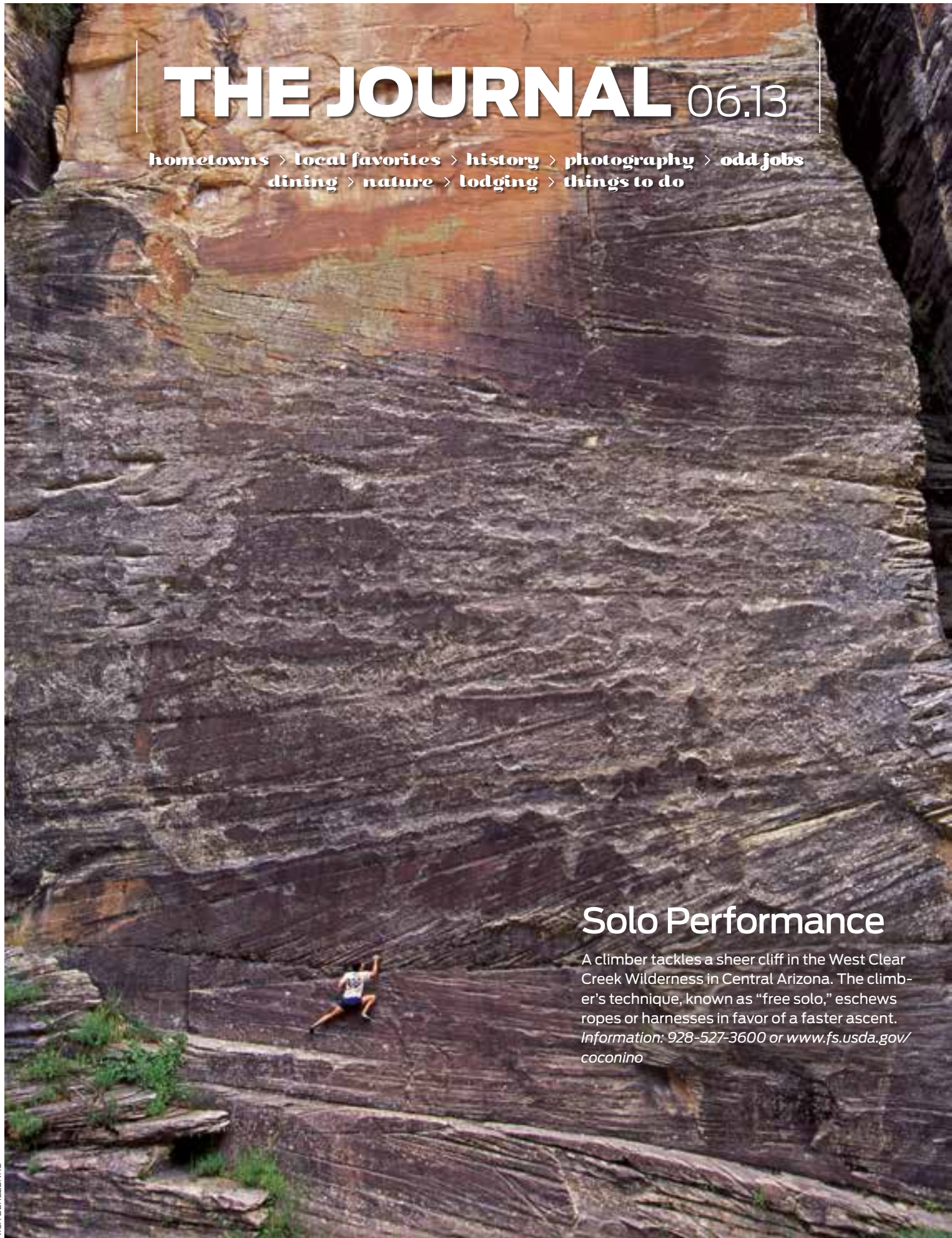
Betty Poynter, Spoleto, Perugia, Italy

FLIGHT DECKED

In the March 2013 issue [Nature Factoid], there’s a misleading statement regarding the monarch butterfly. They are definitely not the only butterflies to migrate. Here in California, we’re often deluged with painted ladies, and even the lowly cabbage butterflies, as they migrate to warmer or cooler climates. Perhaps your author meant to say that the monarch holds the longest migrating distance record.

Gary Stellern, Pasadena, California

contact us If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we’d love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit www.arizonahighways.com.



hometowns > local favorites > history > photography > odd jobs
dining > nature > lodging > things to do

Solo Performance

A climber tackles a sheer cliff in the West Clear Creek Wilderness in Central Arizona. The climber’s technique, known as “free solo,” eschews ropes or harnesses in favor of a faster ascent. Information: 928-527-3600 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino



MARK LIPCZYNSKI (2)

HOLBROOK

FOUNDED	AREA	ELEVATION	COUNTY
1881	15.4 square miles	5,083 feet	Navajo

HAL HOLBROOK IS A GREAT ACTOR. However, he's not the man for whom the town of Holbrook is named. That honor belongs to the first chief engineer of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, the line that led to the creation of Holbrook in 1881. When the trains came through, the town boomed. In 1912, a meteor

exploded near Holbrook, spraying more than 16,000 space rocks over the town. But not even that could stop Holbrook's growth. It became the Navajo County seat in 1895 and was officially incorporated in 1917. When automobiles replaced trains as the nation's primary mode of transportation, Holbrook became a

stop along Historic Route 66. Today, it's a hub for people traveling to nearby Petrified Forest National Park, a place that warrants praise. Just like Hal Holbrook.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

www.ci.holbrook.az.us

local favorites



ROMO'S RESTAURANT Holbrook

People from all over Arizona have made the drive to Romo's Restaurant, a Mexican-American eatery that was established in 1969 by Marylou and Esequiel "Sikie" Romo. Today, their daughter, Phyllis, owns Romo's, and she's proud to be the queen of the kitchen. "Over the door we have a little sign that reads, 'The queen doesn't cook,' but this queen does cook," she says.

How do you keep the menu fresh?

Everything is homemade and cooked fresh daily. We even clean our beans; not many restaurants do that anymore. We don't use canned beans.

What are the customer favorites?

Everybody loves our tacos and green chile. We use New Mexico Hatch green chiles. You have to try it — it's the best chile you'll probably ever eat in Northern Arizona. On Fridays, we do our specialty, which is pico de gallo salsa. A lot of people come in for that.

What makes your sopapillas so good?

They're kind of like a tortilla, except they're made in the deep fryer. You fry them and eat them with honey. The best way to eat them is hot, right when they come out.

How have you managed to stay in business for more than 40 years?

I think we're well known everywhere just by word of mouth. We have people who drive from Winslow, Show Low and Snowflake to eat here. I even have customers from California who come every year on their way to somewhere else.

— KAYLA FROST

Romo's Restaurant is located at 121 W. Hopi Drive in Holbrook. For more information, call 928-524-2153.

Waving the Flag

Although Arizona was granted statehood in 1912, it didn't have a state flag until 1917. It took a while, but today, the red, yellow and blue banner with a copper star in the middle is considered one of the most beautiful flags in America.

If it weren't for the National Rifle Matches, a shooting competition, Arizona's state flag might never have come to fruition. For years, Arizona's National Guard was the nation's only team without a flag. But enough was enough. Colonel Charles Harris, the team's captain, didn't want to compete without representation anymore, so he drew up a temporary banner for the 1910 match, according to the Arizona State Library. May Hicks Curtis Hill, the wife of one of the guardsmen, sewed the original version.

The state flag, which was based on Harris' design, became official in February 1917, five years after statehood. However, the flag wasn't unveiled to the public until several months later, making some Arizonans restless.

In the August 18, 1917, edition of the *Mohave County Miner*, a Kingman citizen wrote: "Arizona has a state flag, but nobody knows it, for the simple reason that nobody ever saw it. ... Arizonans should be ashamed of the fact that the state flag does not even float over the state capitol."

Finally, that September, Governor Thomas Campbell presented the flag to the public. It was made of "heavy tufted silk with gold braid borders and tassles [sic]," according to an



May Hicks Curtis Hill (left) displays an early version (circa 1911) of what would become Arizona's state flag.

NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY CLINE LIBRARY

announcement in the *Bisbee Daily Review*.

The flag is symbolic on multiple levels. According to the Arizona Senate, the bottom half of the flag, solid blue, is the same shade used in the United States flag. The alternating yellow and red rays on the flag's upper half reflect Spanish Colonial heritage and signify a setting sun. The copper star in the middle represents Arizona's copper industry.

Today, the state flag flies high over the capitol and countless other buildings.

— KAYLA FROST

this month in history

■ Frances Munds, the leader of the women's suffrage movement in Arizona, is born on June 10, 1866, in Franklin, California.

■ On June 29, 1950, a mysterious object hovers in the Arizona sky for seven hours. The weather bureau

denies that the object is a weather balloon, leading some people to believe it is a flying saucer.

■ The hottest-ever temperature in Arizona — 128 degrees — is recorded on June 29, 1994, in Lake Havasu City.

■ The Wallow Fire



JACK DYKINGA

(above) surpasses the Rodeo-Chediski Fire as the state's largest wildfire on June 14, 2011.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 50 Years Ago



The June 1963 issue of *Arizona Highways* featured Canyon Creek on its cover and gave readers an impressive photo tour of the area. The magazine also included a story about Arizona's soil conservation districts.

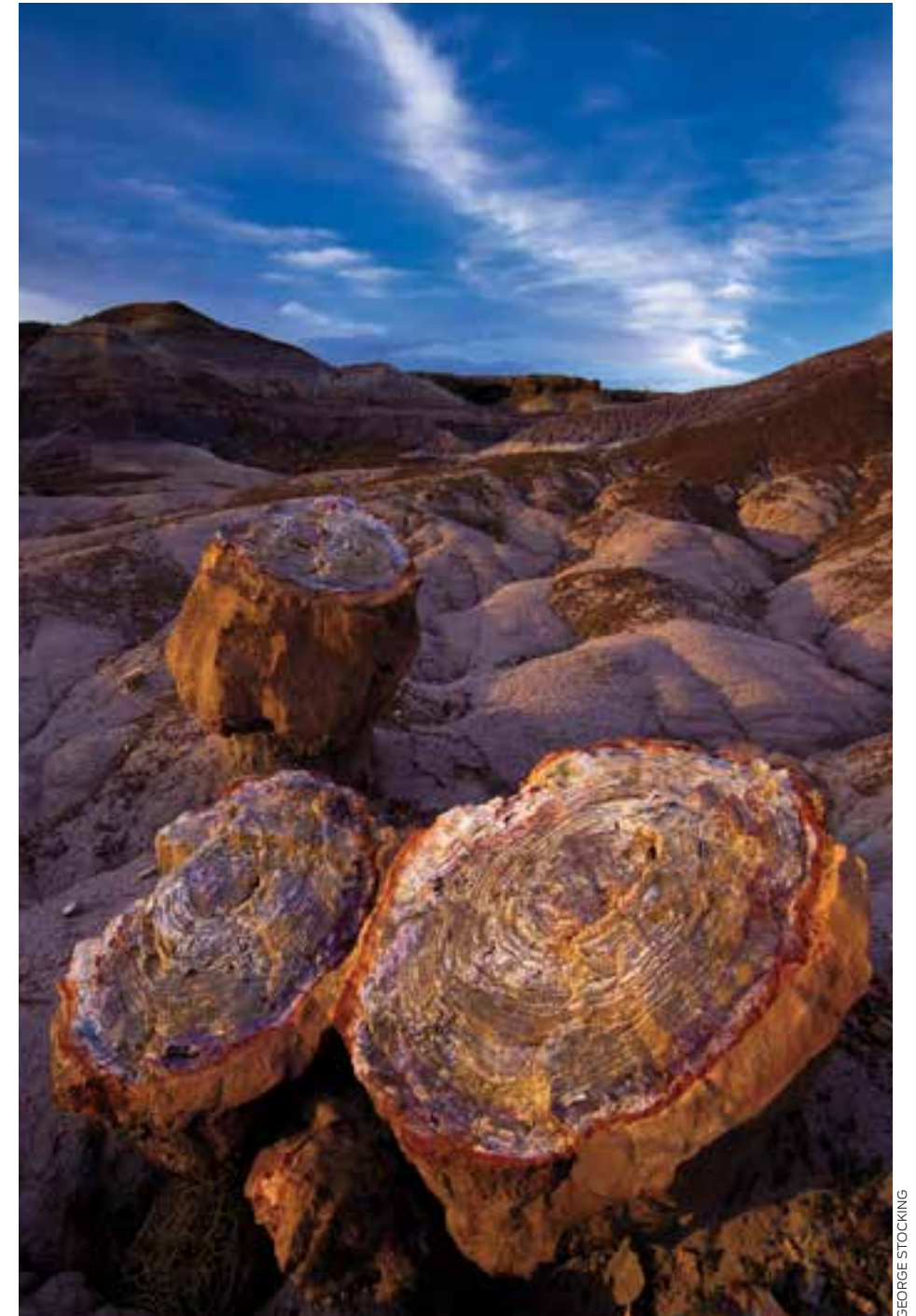
Wide Open

Wide-angle lenses are typically thought of as tools for capturing sweeping panoramas, but they also can be used for more creative compositions. By getting low and close to a subject with a wide lens, you can create dynamic narratives. Your subject will be dominant, but you'll have enough sharpness through depth of field to allow the environment to become a contributing aspect of the story line. This image, made by George Stocking in Petrified Forest National Park, is a good example. By using an 18 to 35 mm zoom lens and getting extremely close to the prehistoric logs, George made a photograph that immediately draws your attention to the logs in the foreground. By shooting this way, he's made a conscious decision to create a visual anchor. At the same time, he uses the surrounding badlands as an informational backdrop that creates visual context.

— JEFF KIDA, photo editor

Prehistoric logs contrast with a blue sky at Petrified Forest National Park.

■ CAMERA: CANON EOS-1DS MARK II; SHUTTER: 1/8 SEC; APERTURE: F/20; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 23 MM



GEORGE STOCKING

PHOTO TIP

HANDS OFF

When working with a long exposure, even the smallest amount of camera shake can reduce image quality.

To reduce the shake, try a cable release on the camera in addition to using a tripod. Compose your image, press the release button and take your hands away from

the camera until you hear the shutter close. Along with using the mirror lock, this should reduce even the smallest amount of vibration your hands might create.



ADDITIONAL READING

Look for our book *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and www.shop.arizonahighways.com/books.





BOAT MAKER

Brad Dimock, Flagstaff

BRAD DIMOCK LIKES TO BUILD BOATS — wooden boats. “I came from a family of carpenters,” he says. “All of us kids grew up wielding saws and hammers and making stuff.” After he moved to Arizona in 1971, Dimock spent time as a guide on the Colorado River, where he eventually began rowing, repairing and rebuilding wooden boats (the majority of the watercraft at the time were rubber rafts). He admits it was love at first sight. “I was smitten with these things,” he says. But it wasn’t until the early ’90s that Dimock actually began building wooden boats — specifically, replicas of those used by pioneers on the river. His work includes a re-creation of a 1938 cataract boat built by Norman Nevills, one of the first commercial river-runners. Last April, Dimock took the replica vessel on a 225-mile run down the Colorado to celebrate the 75th anniversary of Nevills’ boat. “I’ve replicated a lot of the earlier styles of boats, but this is a very significant boat in the evolution of whitewater boating,” he says.

— KATHY RITCHIE

For more information,
visit www.fretwaterboatworks.com.

www.arizonahighways.com 11

~ dining ~

Just Add Syrup

You can get lunch at the Waffle Iron in Prescott, but the locals think of it as a breakfast place, one that serves a long list of great diner food, including waffles, which are light, airy and cooked to golden perfection.

THERE'S NOTHING FANCY ABOUT PRESCOTT'S Waffle Iron. It's the picture of a rural diner, with red vinyl banquettes and

prescott

wood-paneled walls hung with rodeo posters and year-round Christmas decorations. The restaurant's menu describes it as "plain hometown food in a homey atmosphere."

But show up for breakfast on Sunday

morning prepared to wait for a table. And take an appetite.

The Waffle Iron serves breakfast and lunch, but its loyal, mostly local patrons think of it as a breakfast place. They come in droves for the hearty "cooked from scratch" foods that are served in generous portions.

The place is a carnivore's delight. Bone-in ham and eggs is a house specialty. Or

choose a pork chop, sirloin or chicken fried steak, served with two eggs, potatoes and the choice of three pancakes or biscuits and thick country gravy.

But it's the waffles that folks clamor for. Belgian or buckwheat, light, airy and cooked to golden perfection, they're served with a choice of syrups: apricot, strawberry, boysenberry, butter pecan or real maple. Other options include ice cream and fruit toppings. Meat lovers can have the best of both worlds — the bacon waffle, with "bacon cooked right in."

You'll also find old-fashioned blue-plate specials (Swiss steak, baked pork chops and barbecued ribs on a recent visit) and a daily special "subject to the whims of the cook."

The Waffle Iron was built in 1941 as Jack and Jill's Café on the corner of Sheldon Street and Mount Vernon Avenue, where the home of former Prescott mayor and Rough Rider William "Buckey" O'Neill once stood. Jack and Jill's was a 24-hour truck stop on a gravel road that advertised foot-long hot dogs, steaks, chops, burgers and "the best chili in town."

Gayl and Jay Lamoureux bought the restaurant about 30 years ago. It's still open seven days a week, but now only from 6 a.m. until "10 minutes till 2." And while it no longer serves hot dogs, you can still get a great bowl of chili.

That's part of the reason people keep coming back. But the regulars aren't the only ones who hang around. Staff members swear the place is haunted. On a recent visit, the server talked about hearing voices when no one else was around, water mysteriously turning on and the cook being pelted with bread. Maybe the ghost wasn't a fan of the cook's daily "whim." Or maybe it's craving a hot dog.

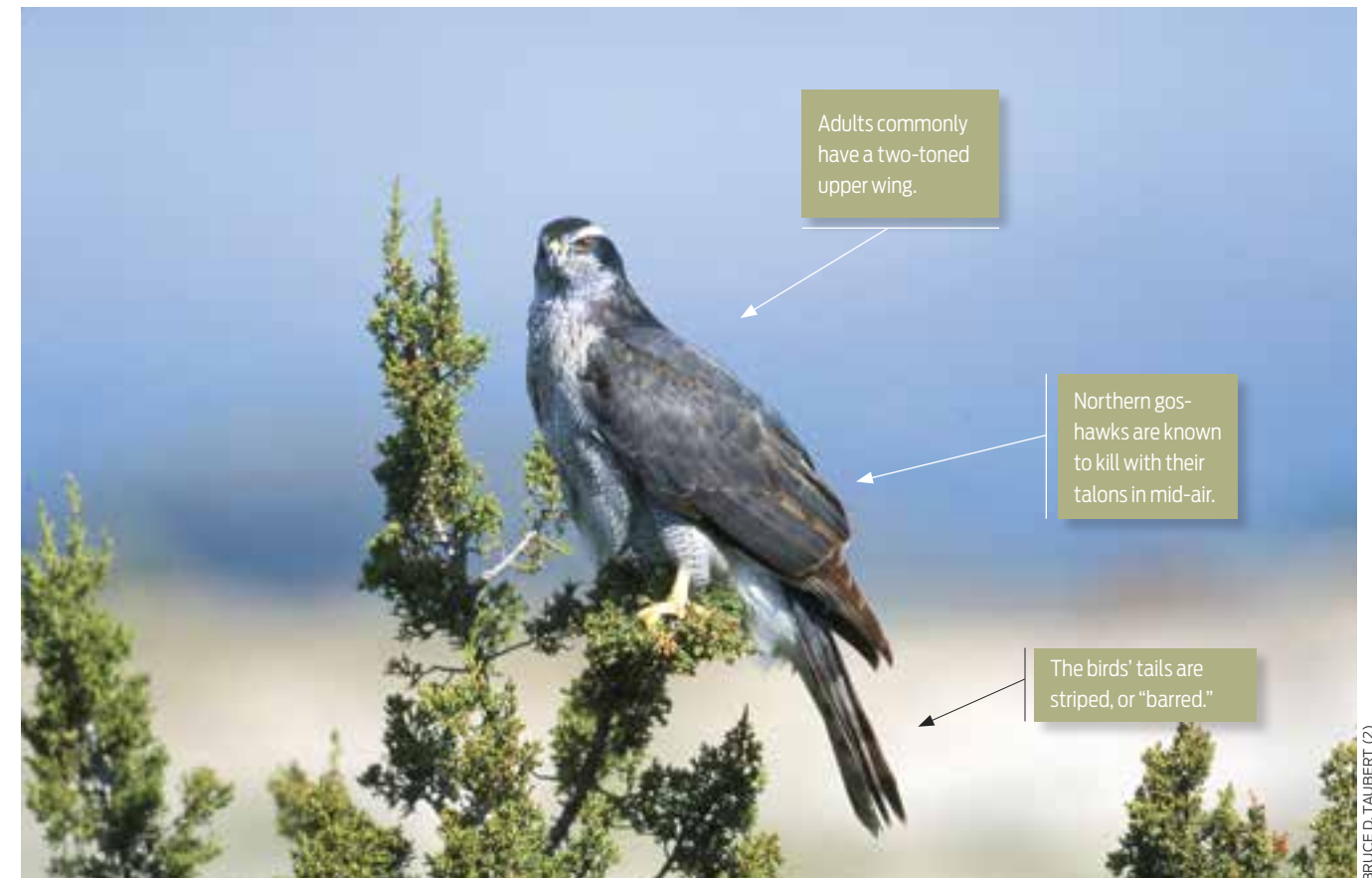
— KATHY MONTGOMERY

The Waffle Iron is located at 420 E. Sheldon Street in Prescott. For more information, call 928-445-9944.



MARK DURAN

~ nature ~



BRUCE D. TAUBERT (2)

Preying for Something to Eat

Forest animals as small as squirrels, and as large as crows and snowshoe hares, fear the northern goshawk. Presumably, anyway. If they don't, they should, because small animals are this fearsome raptor's meal of choice. But they'll go bigger — the northern goshawk has been known to target animals more than twice its own weight, such as foxes, geese and raccoons.

The female northern goshawk is about 10 to 25 percent larger than the male, but research on whether either sex makes a big deal about that is largely inconclusive. The bird typically thrives in old-growth forests where human activity is relatively low. In fact, the only time the secretive northern goshawk, the largest member of the Accipiter genus in North America, makes its presence

known to humans is during the spring breeding season, with an undulating flight display and a gull-like call. Once "paired," a male and a female usually stay together for life, with the male doing most of the hunting for the female and young at the nest.

The northern goshawk's commitment to its romantic partner is matched by its tenacity in pursuit of prey. The Cornell Lab of Ornithology

reports an instance of a goshawk pursuing a snowshoe hare for almost an hour before the hare ran into a clearing and was captured. The bird is capable of sustained horizontal speeds of up to 38 mph, and it'll follow its target on foot if the vegetation gets too thick. Its persistence has helped make it a popular choice in modern falconry.

— NOAH AUSTIN

nature factoid

SAGUARO FLOWER

The blossom of the saguaro cactus was adopted as the Arizona Territory's official flower in 1901 and confirmed as the state flower in 1931. It has a waxy feel and a fragrant aroma, and there might be hundreds of them on a large saguaro, blooming at different times over a period of more than a month. See them while you can; after they open at night, they close permanently the next day.

— NOAH AUSTIN



~lodging~



MARK DURAN

Christopher Creek Lodge

CHRISTOPHER CREEK, WHICH WINDS beneath the Mogollon Rim, is one of the state's most popular destinations for lazy afternoons spent at water's edge. So it's no surprise that its namesake lodge has enjoyed a lengthy tenure as one of the oldest continuously operated businesses

christopher creek

under the Rim. Built in 1950, the first lodge cabin originally served as the Christopher Creek Store and Bar, and it didn't entertain

its first overnight guest until 1953. Since then, the property has grown to include eight cabins, nine tandem trail bunks and six motel units. That

original cabin, now "the Founder's Cabin," features two bedrooms and a kitchen. Although the lodge's accommodations are numerous, the scenery is the real draw at Christopher Creek. Located at an elevation just shy of 6,000 feet, the property features wild grapevine, spruce, oaks, walnuts and maples. And, of course, there's the water, which is regularly stocked with rainbow trout.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

Christopher Creek Lodge is located at 1355 E. Christopher Creek Loop, near Payson. For more information, call 928-478-4300 or visit www.christophercreeklodge.com.

~ things to do in arizona ~

Folk Arts Fair June 1, Prescott

This 40th annual event celebrates the traditional arts, crafts and entertainment of Territorial Arizona. Participate in demonstrations and other hands-on opportunities. *Information:* 928-445-3122 or www.sharlot.org

Show Low Days June 7-9, Show Low

This Western-themed festival features a parade, a rodeo and

more than 100 arts-and-crafts and food vendors. *Information:* 928-537-2326 or www.showlowdays.com

Star Party June 8-15, Grand Canyon

Explore the wonders of the night sky with the Tucson Amateur Astronomy Association (South Rim) and the Saguaro Astronomy Club of Phoenix (North Rim). *Information:* 928-638-7888 or www.nps.gov/grca

Beer Festival June 22, Flagstaff

Sample craft beer and enjoy live music at the 21st annual Made in the Shade Beer Tasting Festival. *Information:* 928-779-1775 or www.azbeer.com

Lavender Festival June 20-30, Concho

Enjoy walking tours of lavender fields, take home freshly cut lavender and participate in cooking and craft demonstrations. *Information:* 928-337-2289 or www.redrockfarms.com

Information: 928-337-2289 or www.redrockfarms.com

Printmakers Workshop August 9-11, Phoenix

Learn how to make gallery-quality prints with the help of acclaimed print master Richard Jackson and Photoshop guru Steve Burger as they guide you through the print-making process. *Information:* 888-790-7042 or www.friends-of-azhighways.com **ah**

White Mountain
Apache Trout

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26th Annual
White Mountain Native American Art Pre-Show
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SUMMER HIKING GUIDE 2013

Blobs of congealed lava, petrified Permian Period sand dunes and Vishnu Temple are some of the more unusual things you'll see on the hikes in this month's cover story, and then there's the expected: meadows, mountains and streams. If that's not enough to get you off the couch, we have at least 30 more reasons in the following pages. And that doesn't even include the inspiration you'll get from the photographs.

BY ROBERT STIEVE

Raechel Running navigates the namesake "lake" of the Bismarck Lake Trail near Flagstaff. Humphreys Peak can be seen in the background.
DAWN KISH

BISMARCK LAKE TRAIL
Flagstaff

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL

1 It's one of the easiest hikes on the Coconino National Forest — Coconino, by the way, is the word the Hopis use for Havasupai and Yavapai Indians.

2 The road to the trailhead passes Hart Prairie Preserve, one of the state's premier Nature Conservancy properties.

3 The views of the San Francisco Peaks are as good as it gets.

FOOT NOTES: Bismarck Lake isn't a lake — at least not by Minnesota standards. It's more like a pond or a lagoon or a big mud puddle, and it functions as a stock tank, which makes it an important source of water for the resident elk and mule deer. It also serves as a milepost that identifies the end of this trail. Like the route into Sandys Canyon (page 24), this is a short hike that hooks up with the Arizona Trail. If you're interested in more distance, the latter extends for 817 miles to the north and south, but if you need a spur-of-the-moment fix of an evergreen forest, this will hit the spot. The trail begins with a gradual uphill climb through a world of ponderosas and aspens. After five minutes, it arrives at a small meadow, where you'll catch your first glimpse of the San Francisco Peaks. It won't be the last, and the best is yet to come. From there, the trail dips back

into the woods, and the aspen quotient increases. It stays like that for another 15 minutes, until the dirt path leads to another meadow and the payoff views of the peaks. There, the trail splits. To the right is the Arizona Trail, and to the left is Bismarck Lake. Go left, and keep your eyes peeled for thirsty ungulates.

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 3 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Easy

Elevation: 8,589 to 8,817 feet

Trailhead GPS: N 35°21.793', W 111°44.082'

Directions: From Flagstaff, drive northeast on U.S. Route 180 for 10 miles to Forest Road 151, turn right and continue 6.3 miles to Forest Road 627. Turn right onto FR 627 and drive 0.75 miles to the trailhead.

Vehicle Requirements: None

Dogs Allowed: Yes (on a leash)

Horses Allowed: Yes

USGS Map: Humphreys Peak

Information: Flagstaff Ranger District, 928-526-0866 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino

SEE CANYON TRAIL
Mogollon Rim

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL

1 The views from the Mogollon Rim stretch as far as Four Peaks near Phoenix.

2 Water from Christopher Creek, Nappa Spring, Herman Spring and See Spring make the ecosystem lush, green and gor-

geous. It's perfect for summer.

3 Because See Canyon is nestled against the east side of Promontory Butte, summer storms literally dump off the rim above you — beware of lightning.

FOOT NOTES: You can do this the easy way or the hard way. Or you can do it both ways. The hard way (relatively speaking) is to go from the lower trailhead near Christopher Creek to the upper trailhead along Forest Road 300. The easy route goes in reverse, and going both ways speaks for itself. From the bottom, you'll begin by crossing Christopher Creek, and before you've had your first handful of trail mix, you'll arrive at a lush meadow surrounded by old ponderosa pines. A half-mile later, you'll come to a fork. Hang a left and enjoy the scenery. The trail to this point is easy, but after about 2 miles, it begins a steep climb to the top of the Mogollon Rim — this is where “hard” in the “hard way” enters the equation. In addition to the pressure on your lungs and legs, the trail itself can be hard to follow; however, there are cairns and metal tree markers to help guide the way. Take your time, and you'll be OK. Continuing up, you'll start seeing some maples to go with the ponderosas, oaks and aspens. Mint, ferns and grasses grow along the creek. As you'll see, See Canyon is beautiful — even the parts that were burned by the Promontory Fire, which was started by a careless human on May 13, 2007, and eventually burned more than 4,000 acres. The final stretch, about the last 15 or 20 minutes, is the toughest part, but it goes quickly, and the views from up on the Rim are well worth all the huffing and puffing.

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 7 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Elevation: 6,149 to 7,700 feet

Trailhead GPS: N 34°20.075', W 111°00.362'

Directions: From Payson, drive east on State Route 260 for 20.2 miles to the Christopher Creek Loop exit. Turn left onto the loop and drive 1 mile to Forest Road 284. Turn left onto FR 284 and continue 1.5 miles to the trailhead.

Vehicle Requirements: None

Dogs Allowed: Yes (on a leash)

THE 10 COMMANDMENTS OF HIKING

- Never hike alone.
- Tell someone where you're hiking, the route you'll be taking and when you'll be home.
- Carry identification (driver's license, etc.) and the name and telephone number of whom to call in case of emergency.
- Before you leave home, check the forecast, and while you're on the trail, pay attention to the weather.
- Study the maps before you go, and always carry a compass, not just a GPS.
- On the trail, know where you're going and where you are in relation to the map you're carrying.
- Take plenty of food, and carry more water than you think you'll need.
- There's no such thing as too much sunscreen.
- Don't overestimate your abilities.
- Adhere to the Leave No Trace principles (see page 55).

Ferns and cleavers
are a common sight along
the See Canyon Trail.
NICK BEREZENKO

Horses Allowed: Yes
USGS Map: Promontory Butte
Information: Black Mesa Ranger District, 928-535-7300 or www.fs.usda.gov/asnf

BILL WILLIAMS TRAIL

Williams

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL

1 Bill Williams Mountain marks the traditional boundary of lands inhabited by the early ancestors of the Hopi people.

2 The Douglas firs near the top of the mountain are massive.

3 It's free, even though the trail was built as a toll road in 1902 by Esau Lamb, who charged hikers and horseback-riders a fee to ride to the top.

FOOT NOTES: This trail has a tower on top. And like the towers on the Kendrick Mountain, Webb Peak and Vishnu trails, it's worth climbing — the views, as George Wharton James wrote in his 1917 book *Arizona the Wonderland*, “stretch out over a varied panorama, with practically unrestricted vision over a radius of two hundred miles. It is bewildering in its stupendous majesty and uplifting in its impressive glory.” But you'll have to do some climbing before you get to that vantage point. The trail begins at the Williams District Ranger Station, about a mile from downtown Williams, and quickly turns into a series of eight switchbacks. They won't take your breath away, but you will know that you're going uphill. The 12 switchbacks at Mile 2 are a different story. Although the work is tougher, the rewards are greater. The ponderosas are bigger, the spruce are thicker, the aspens seem to quake a little more, the Douglas firs are older, and the ground is covered with ferns, grapevines and wild roses. Continuing up the switches, the trail crosses paths with the Bixler Saddle Trail and eventually arrives at Forest Road III, which serves as an access road to the radio towers on top of the mountain. After crossing the road, the trail continues for another half-mile to the top of the mountain and the viewpoint that so impressed George Wharton James.

Rocks and trees punctuate the view atop Bill Williams Mountain at the end of the Bill Williams Trail.
SHANE McDERMOTT

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 7 miles round-trip

Difficulty: Moderate

Elevation: 7,000 to 9,256 feet

Trailhead GPS: N 35°14.254', W 112°12.884'

Directions: From downtown Williams, drive west on Railroad Avenue for approximately 1 mile and look for the Williams District Ranger Station sign. Turn left at the sign onto

the frontage road and continue approximately 0.5 miles to the ranger station. The trailhead is at the north end of the parking lot.

Vehicle Requirements: None

Dogs Allowed: Yes

Horses Allowed: Yes

USGS Map: Williams South

Information: Williams Ranger District, 928-635-5600 or www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab

KENDRICK MOUNTAIN TRAIL

Kaibab National Forest

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL

1 The Kendrick Mountain Wilderness is home to Mexican spotted owls, which are on the list of threatened species.

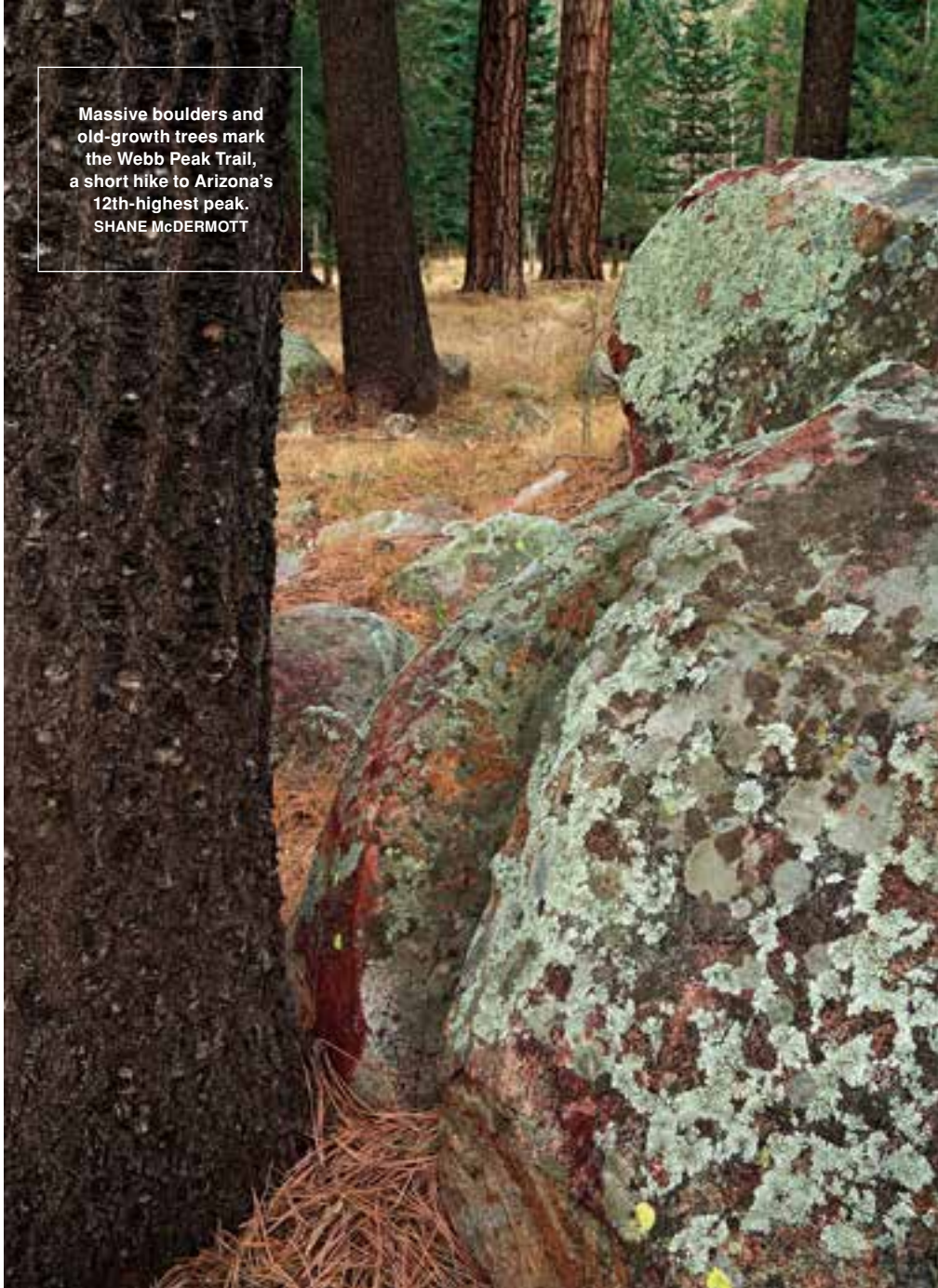
2 From the fire tower, you can see the Grand Canyon to the north and Oak

Creek Canyon to the south.

3 For peak-baggers, Kendrick Mountain is No. 10 on Arizona's list of highest peaks.

FOOT NOTES: On May 24, 2000, Mother Nature tossed a bolt of lightning at a small ponderosa pine southwest of Kendrick Mountain. That was the first tree to go in the Pumpkin Fire, which

ultimately wiped out 14,760 acres on the north side of the mountain. You'll see ample signs of the blaze on this trail, but it's still a great hike. It begins as a wide path surrounded by ponderosas, and about 45 minutes in, it arrives at a saddle, which offers a glimpse of the peak. From there, the trail zigzags up a narrow route, past an intersection with the Bull



Massive boulders and old-growth trees mark the Webb Peak Trail, a short hike to Arizona's 12th-highest peak. SHANE McDERMOTT

Climb the ladder and say hello to the ranger on duty.

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 8 miles round-trip
Difficulty: Moderate
Elevation: 7,678 to 10,418 feet
Trailhead GPS: N 35°23.214', W 111°52.056'
Directions: From Flagstaff, drive northwest on U.S. Route 180 for 17.2 miles to Forest Road 193. Turn left onto FR 193 and drive 3.2 miles to Forest Road 171. Turn right onto FR 171 and drive 2 miles to Forest Road 190. Turn right onto FR 190 and continue approximately 0.4 miles to the trailhead.
Vehicle Requirements: None
Dogs Allowed: Yes (on a leash)
Horses Allowed: Yes
USGS Maps: Kendrick Peak, Moritz Ridge
Information: Williams Ranger District, 928-635-5600 or www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab

WEBB PEAK TRAIL
Mount Graham

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL

- 1 Webb Peak is the 12th-highest peak in Arizona.
- 2 The Pinaleno Mountains are home to 18 plants and animals that are found nowhere else in the world.
- 3 The scenic drive up the Swift Trail, the road to

the trailhead, passes through six different life zones.

FOOT NOTES: Of all the peaks to be bagged in Arizona, Webb Peak might be the easiest. From the trailhead, which is located next to the horse corrals at the Columbine

Visitors Center, it takes only 30 minutes to reach the summit. And the hiking itself is moderate. The uphill climb begins immediately with switchbacks that zig-zag through ponderosas, aspens, spruce and firs. After about 10 minutes, you'll see signs of an old fire, along with extensive beds of ferns and a massive boulder the size of Grizzly Adams' cabin. The trail levels momentarily, then arrives at what might be the most impressive Douglas fir on the Coronado National Forest. Just beyond the big tree, the trail splits. To the left is a short spur that leads to the summit, and to the right is the continuation of the Webb Peak Trail, which goes downhill to Ash Creek. You'll come back to the intersection, but first make the five-minute climb to the summit, where a fire tower will take you even higher than the peak's 10,029 feet. Take a few photos and then head back to the Webb Peak Trail, which switchbacks through a lush forest with hillside meadows covered in grasses and ferns. After 1.7 miles, you'll arrive at Ash Creek and a trail of the same name. Turn right, and follow the wooded trail for a half-mile back to the corrals.

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 3.2 miles round-trip
Difficulty: Moderate
Elevation: 9,500 to 10,029 feet
Trailhead GPS: N 35°38.701', W 111°86.827'
Directions: From Safford, drive south on U.S. Route 191 for 7.3 miles to State Route 366 (the Swift Trail). Turn right onto SR 366 and drive 28.6 miles to the trailhead, which is located at the corrals just beyond the Columbine Visitors Center.
Vehicle Requirements: None
Dogs Allowed: Yes (on a leash)
Horses Allowed: Yes
USGS Map: Webb Peak
Information: Safford Ranger District, 928-428-4150 or www.fs.usda.gov/coronado

HOUSTON BROTHERS TRAIL
Mogollon Rim

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL

- 1 The trail passes Pinchot Cabin, which was part of the network of fire-guard cabins on the Mogollon Rim.
- 2 Forest Road 300, the route to the trailhead, is one of the most scenic drives in

Arizona. The views to the south are superb.

3 The Mogollon Rim is home to the world's largest continuous stand of ponderosa pines.

FOOT NOTES: Ranching is one of the last things that'll come to mind on the Houston Brothers Trail. Nevertheless, that's what the boys did for a living. They raised cattle, and they used this route to move their livestock from one range to another. The U.S. Forest Service used the trail, too, as a way of getting rangers to the isolated cabins they called home during fire season. Today, the trail is used primarily by hikers who appreciate the natural beauty of the Mogollon Rim and its combination of dense forests and scattered meadows. From the southern trailhead (there's a counterpart 7 miles to the north), the rocky path winds through a woodland of ponderosa pines, spruce, oaks and aspens for about 20 minutes, then begins a descent down a lush, fern-lined hillside where maples come to life. Imagine Robert Frost. A half-hour later, the trail intersects with the Barbershop Trail and continues

Basin Trail, and on to the summit ridge, where Douglas firs, Engelmann spruce and white firs enter the picture. Another thing you'll see on the ridge is the Kendrick Lookout Cabin. The structure, which was built in 1917 and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places,

was protected during the Pumpkin Fire with a fire blanket — imagine a backyard storage shed wrapped in aluminum foil. Hats off to the hotshot crews who saved it. From the old cabin, a short series of switchbacks leads to the summit and the mountain's lookout tower.

KENDRICK PARK WATCHABLE WILDLIFE TRAILS

There are two trails located at this beautiful site in the Kaibab National Forest. One is a short, paved loop (0.25 miles) that's wheelchair accessible, and the other is a longer loop (1.5

miles) that's made of smooth dirt. Both are easy and feature interpretive signs, which add an educational element to the experience. In addition, the park sits at an elevation of 7,900 feet and bridges the habitats of

forest and grassland, making it an ideal place to see northern flickers, red-tailed hawks, mule deer, porcupines, pronghorns, elk, Abert's squirrels, badgers and coyotes.
DIRECTIONS: From Flagstaff,

drive northwest on State Route 180 for approximately 20 miles to Milepost 235.5 and turn left into the parking lot.
INFORMATION: Williams Ranger District, 928-635-5600 or www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab



Hikers approach one of several meadows along the Houston Brothers Trail. NICK BEREZENKO

north to the bottom of Houston Draw, a picturesque little valley through which a spring-fed perennial stream flows. With the exception of a few rock outcroppings, things remain the same (Frost-like) to the trail's end. It's a long hike, but if you're short on time, go with friends and use a car-shuttle system: Take two cars, park at different trailheads and trade keys when you meet in the middle.

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 14 miles round-trip
Difficulty: Moderate
Elevation: 7,732 to 7,074 feet
Trailhead GPS: N 34°25.153', W 111°12.962'
Directions: From Payson, drive north on State Route 87 for 28.5 miles to Forest Road 300. Turn right onto FR 300 and drive 16.1 miles to the trailhead on the left. The dirt parking lot is located approximately 100 yards beyond the trailhead on the right.
Vehicle Requirements: None
Dogs Allowed: Yes (on a leash)
Horses Allowed: Yes
USGS Maps: Blue Ridge Reservoir, Dane Canyon
Information: Mogollon Rim Ranger District, 928-477-2255 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino

SANDYS CANYON TRAIL
Flagstaff

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL

- 1 The trailhead is located just minutes from downtown Flagstaff, so the hike can easily be done between breakfast at La Bellavia (order the eggs Benedict) and lunch at Beaver Street Brewery.
- 2 It took Walnut Creek 6 million years to carve Walnut Canyon; the least you can do is hike it.
- 3 It's featured on our cover, along with Margeaux Bestard and her dog.

FOOT NOTES: The petrified Permian Period sand dunes on this short hike will end up in your long-term memory. They stand out, but they're not the only highlight. The views of the San Francisco Peaks are pretty incredible, too. You'll get your first glimpse of the mountains a few minutes into the hike — just past the side trail that short-cuts to a rock-climbing area. From there, the wide dirt path winds through an open ponderosa forest along the rim of Walnut Canyon. After about



Night rain gives way to a misty summer morning in Walnut Canyon near Flagstaff. The Sandys Canyon Trail runs through Walnut Canyon.
TOM BEAN



The well-marked Blue Ridge Trail near Pinetop-Lakeside is ideal for beginning hikers.
PAUL GILL

20 minutes, it drops into Sandys Canyon, where the ground cover thickens and a grove of quaking aspens appears. Beyond the *Populus tremuloides*, the trail gets rocky, like a gravel driveway, and spills into the bottom of Walnut Canyon. At that point, the route levels off and leads to those petrified sand dunes, which are red-hued and conspicuous. The trail ends at its intersection with the Arizona Trail, which goes north to Fisher Point and southeast to Marshall Lake. If you have the time, extend your finish line. If not, enjoy the short-but-sweet nature of this easy stroll.

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 2 miles round-trip
Difficulty: Easy
Elevation: 6,836 to 6,638 feet
Trailhead GPS: N 35°07.521', W 111°35.923'
Directions: From Flagstaff, drive southeast on Forest Highway 3 (Lake Mary Road) for 5.3 miles to Canyon Vista Campground, which is on the left. Drive through the campground to the Canyon Vista Trailhead.
Vehicle Requirements: None
Dogs Allowed: Yes (on a leash)
Horses Allowed: Yes
USGS Maps: Lower Lake Mary, Flagstaff East
Information: Flagstaff Ranger District, 928-526-0866 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino

BLUE RIDGE TRAIL
Pinetop-Lakeside

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL

- 1 Red Devil Pizza is just minutes from the trailhead.
- 2 The trail is extremely well marked, so you can focus on sightseeing rather than route-finding.
- 3 It's in the scenic White Mountains, which is one of the coolest places in Arizona, literally.

FOOT NOTES: There's nothing spectacular about this hike. No grand canyon, no great waterfall, no granite monolith. Instead, this quiet trail, located just a few miles from the main drag in Pinetop-Lakeside, offers a consistently beautiful 8-mile walk in the woods. From start to finish, you'll be treated to oaks, ponderosas, alligator junipers, and the chance of seeing mule deer, Steller's jays and other wildlife. The loop begins at one of two trailheads. This listing kicks off at Trailhead No. 2 and runs counter-clockwise. Almost immediately, you'll notice the blue trail tags that identify this as part of the White Mountains Trail System. The route is easy to follow and climbs gradually for about an hour

to the top of Blue Ridge Mountain. There are no great vistas up there — too many trees — but you'll know when you're there. The downhill run is very much like the uphill, with all the benefits of a scenic forest in the White Mountains. After another 45 minutes, the trail arrives at Trailhead No. 1 and continues downhill to a ravine that protects Billy Creek. You'll know you're there when you see the brilliant greens of the riparian area. *What a great place to pitch a tent*, you'll think to yourself. From there, the walk in the woods winds back to where you began.

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 8.5-mile loop
Difficulty: Moderate
Elevation: 7,160 to 7,600 feet
Trailhead GPS: N 34°08.426', W 109°53.898'
Directions: From Pinetop, drive east to Buck Springs Road, which is located at the eastern edge of the city limits. Turn left onto Buck Springs Road and drive 0.5 miles to Forest Road 182 (Sky-Hi Road). Turn left onto FR 182 and drive 1.8 miles to Forest Road 187. Turn left onto FR 187 and continue 300 yards to the trailhead. (Note: There are two trailheads; these directions will take you to Trailhead No. 2.)



Sunset Crater Volcano National Monument dominates the view looking south from the top of O'Leary Peak, itself a dormant volcano.
TOM BROWNOLD

Vehicle Requirements: None
Dogs Allowed: Yes (on a leash)
Horses Allowed: Yes
USGS Maps: Lakeside, 256 NW
Information: Lakeside Ranger District, 928-368-2100 or www.fs.usda.gov/asnf

O'LEARY PEAK TRAIL Coconino National Forest

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL

- 1 O'Leary Peak is the highest of the dormant volcanoes in the San Francisco Peaks Volcanic Field, and it's the 42nd-highest peak in Arizona.
- 2 The trailhead is located at the O'Leary Group Campground, so you can make a night of it — if you have a big group of friends.
- 3 The easy-to-follow trail passes the Bonito Lava Flow, which erupted from the northwest base of Sunset Crater Volcano and pooled to as much as 100 feet deep over a 2-square-mile area.

FOOT NOTES: O'Leary Peak is a lava-dome volcano, not a cinder cone like Sunset Crater Volcano, its better-known counterpart to the south. Here's the difference: Cinder cones are created from particles and blobs of congealed lava ejected from a single vent, while lava domes are formed by relatively small, bulbous masses of lava too viscous to flow any great distance. Consequently, on extrusion, the lava piles over and around the vent of a lava dome. There won't be a quiz on this later, but it's something to think about as you make your way up to O'Leary Peak. The trail begins near O'Leary Group Campground and follows an old forest road all the way to the top. It's a gradual climb that initially skirts the Bonito Lava Flow before heading north through a forest of ponderosas and aspens. After about 2 miles, the road gets steeper and features a handful of switchbacks that lead to a saddle between O'Leary Peak and Darton Dome. The views from the saddle, which sits at an elevation of 8,000



The Vishnu Trail, near the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, includes this stunning vista.
ELIAS BUTLER

feet, are spectacular, but they're even better from the lookout tower at the peak. From the top, you can see into Sunset Crater. You also can see the Inner Basin of the San Francisco Peaks and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon.

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 10 miles round-trip
Difficulty: Moderate
Elevation: 6,846 to 8,916 feet
Trailhead GPS: N 35°22.315', W 111°32.467'
Directions: From downtown Flagstaff, drive

north on U.S. Route 89 for 15.7 miles to Forest Road 545 (the road to Sunset Crater Volcano-Wupatki National Monument). Turn right onto FR 545 and drive 1.7 miles to Forest Road 545A. Turn left onto FR 545A and drive 0.3 miles to the trailhead, which is located at the O'Leary Group Campground.
Vehicle Requirements: None
Dogs Allowed: Yes (on a leash)
Horses Allowed: Yes
USGS Map: O'Leary Peak
Information: Flagstaff Ranger District, 928-526-0866 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino

VISHNU TRAIL Grand Canyon, South Rim

3 REASONS TO HIT THIS TRAIL


- 1 Forest Road 302, the link to the trail, is beautiful ... just beautiful.
- 2 The Grandview Fire Tower, which was built in 1936, is 80 feet tall and features 105 steps to the top.
- 3 Bragging rights — your friends have never done it.

FOOT NOTES: You don't have to be standing on the South Rim to get a South Rim viewpoint of the Grand Canyon. The look to the north from the Coconino Rim is one of the very best. And best of all, you don't have to share it with the 4.5 million people who take a gander from in front of El Tovar every year.

Another bonus is the 15-mile scenic drive through the Kaibab National Forest to the trailhead, which is located in the shadow of the Grandview Fire Tower. The tower is appropriately named, and you'll want to climb up. From the tower, the trail heads north through a healthy stand of oaks and ponderosas. It can be tricky to follow in places, but it's marked with cairns. After about 5 minutes, you'll get your first glimpse of the Canyon. "Wow" will cross your lips, and then, a few minutes later, the views get even better as Vishnu Temple enters the picture. After about 20 minutes, the trail leads to a barbed-wire fence. Keep left, and take note of the distant views to the east. The plateau that feeds the South Rim is vast and impressive. A few more footsteps will take you to the final lookout, where

a wooden bench awaits. Park yourself, enjoy the views and be grateful for the solitude you'll surely be experiencing.

TRAIL GUIDE

Length: 1.1-mile loop
Difficulty: Easy
Elevation: 7,512 to 7,607 feet
Trailhead GPS: N 35°57.445', W 111°57.294'
Directions: From the roundabout at the south end of U.S. Route 180 in Tusayan, drive east on Forest Road 302 for 14.2 miles to Forest Road 310. Turn left onto FR 310 and continue 1.4 miles to the trailhead on the left.
Vehicle Requirements: None
Dogs Allowed: Yes (on a leash)
Horses Allowed: Yes
USGS Maps: Tusayan East, Grandview Point
Information: Williams Ranger District, 928-635-5600 or www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab 

NATIONAL TRAILS DAY

On June 1, 2013, the American Hiking Society will celebrate its 21st annual National Trails Day. It's one more reason to get outside and experience the beauty of Arizona. To learn more about what's happening in your neck of the woods, visit www.americanhiking.org.

Perfect Illustrations

A PORTFOLIO BY LARRY TOSCHIK

In March 1967, *Arizona Highways* featured some paintings by an unknown artist named Larry Toschik. They were included in a story titled *Larry Toschik's Wonderful World of Birds*, and the response was overwhelming. Almost overnight, Mr. Toschik went from obscurity to international recognition as one of the world's greatest wildlife artists. Over the next two decades, we published nearly 100 of his paintings. What follow are some of our favorites.

Editor's Note: Larry Toschik passed away on July 2, 2012, at his home in Peoria, Arizona. On that day, *Arizona Highways* lost one of its most esteemed alumni. On behalf of everyone at this magazine, I'd like to express our deepest sympathies to Mrs. Toschik, her family and her friends. Your husband's work will live forever in the memories of our readers and in the archives of *Arizona Highways*.



PRECEDING PAGE: We asked photographer Bruce Taubert, a wildlife expert, to share his thoughts on these illustrations. "This one may be a stylized version of a red-tailed hawk," Taubert says, "but it could also be a white-tailed hawk, which no longer is found in great numbers in Arizona."



ABOVE: A male bison charges. "Bison are native to Arizona. They've been here for centuries. He rendered this one very accurately."

ABOVE, RIGHT: Two black bears move through an aspen grove. "I like the detail of the pines in the background," Taubert says.

RIGHT: Taubert says this mountain lion's stance indicates it's stalking its prey. "People think cougars are dangerous animals," he says, "but they're really not."





Two Cooper's hawks squabble over a kill — a Steller's jay. "These hawks are slightly stylized," Taubert says. "The vegetation — the yucca and the alligator juniper — makes me think this is probably the Huachuca or Santa Rita mountains."



ABOVE: “Adult barn owls would never group together this way,” Taubert says, so these owls are most likely juveniles. “The winter scene outside, with the saguaro, is unexpected.”

ABOVE, RIGHT: Toschik painted this pronghorn in mid-stride. “The pronghorn is the fastest land mammal in North America,” Taubert says.

RIGHT: “The snow makes me think this isn’t a desert cottontail,” Taubert says. “It’s probably an Eastern cottontail. And those are manzanita bushes around it.”



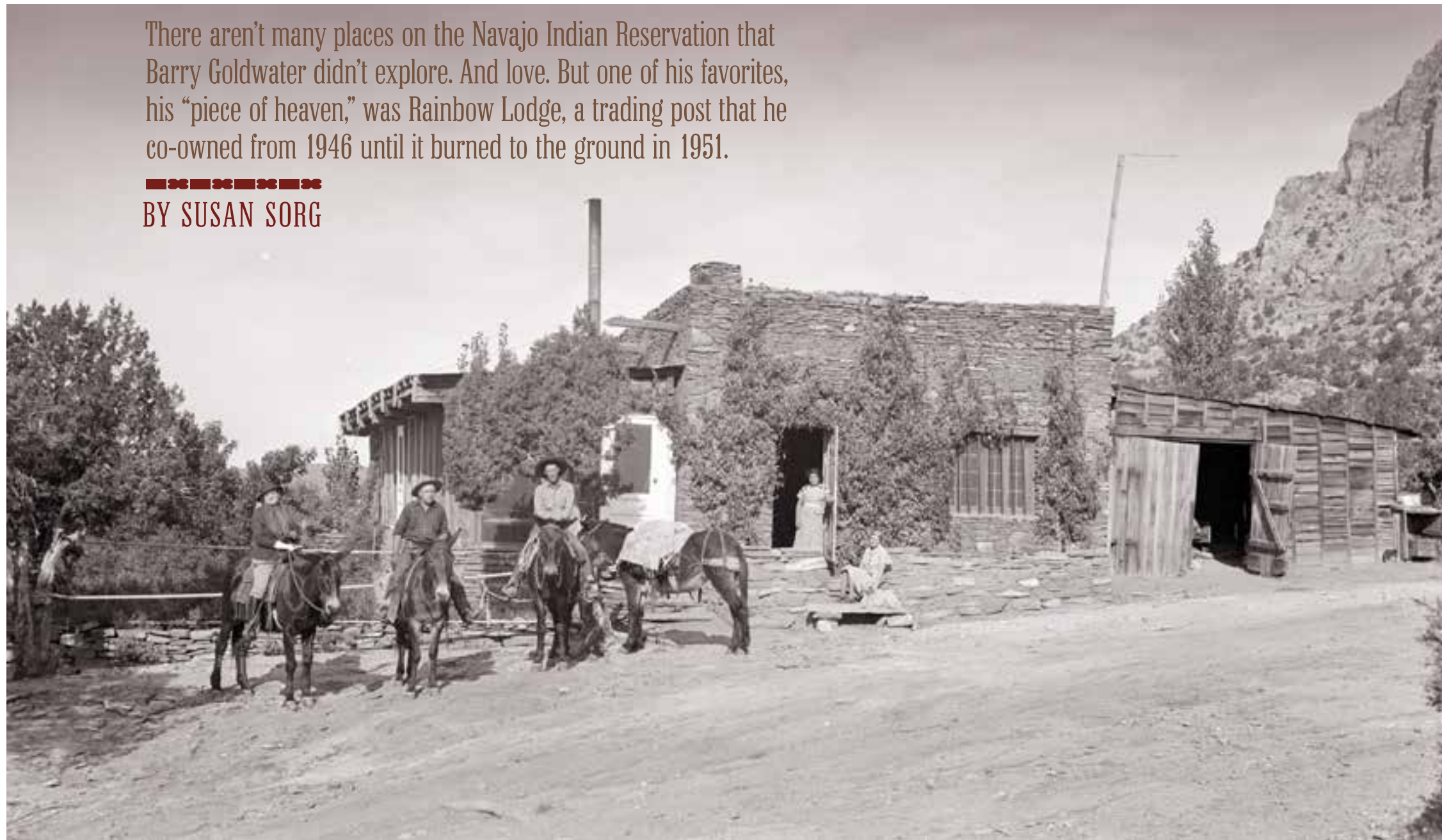


A covey of Gambel's quail takes flight. "I think those are the Four Peaks in the background," Taubert says. [AH](#)

The End of the Rainbow

There aren't many places on the Navajo Indian Reservation that Barry Goldwater didn't explore. And love. But one of his favorites, his "piece of heaven," was Rainbow Lodge, a trading post that he co-owned from 1946 until it burned to the ground in 1951.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■
BY SUSAN SORG



ABOVE: Barry Goldwater, on harmonica, accompanies guitarist Bert Holloway during a relaxing moment at Rainbow Lodge.
GOLDWATER COLLECTION

LEFT: Unidentified individuals gather at Rainbow Lodge on the Navajo Indian Reservation. This photograph was made around 1939, some seven years before Barry Goldwater received a share of the lodge from his wife, Peggy.
NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY CLINE LIBRARY

LEGENDS RULE in Arizona lore. Names such as Cochise, Earp and Geronimo cast long shadows over the 19th century. In the 20th century, the name Goldwater took center stage. Much like the rocky spires in Barry Goldwater's beloved Navajo country, the conservative politico carried his rock-hard belief in individual freedom to the U.S. Senate, where some said he'd "shoot from the lip."

But there was another side to this career politician, whose heart and spirit always remained in his home state of Arizona — and in one particular spot.

"He had a love of the outdoors, and such a love for Arizona," says his son Barry Goldwater Jr. "He just saw a lot of beauty. He said, 'When you're walking through the forests and canyons, you're walking with God. Don't ever forget that.'"

Goldwater's first trip to the Indian lands of Northeastern Arizona was with his mother, in 1916. It took place when he was just 7 years old, but the area drew him back for many years after that initial visit. He never forgot his own "piece of heaven," Rainbow Lodge, a trading post and lodge at the foot of Navajo Mountain. Ultimately, Goldwater's wife, Peggy, gifted a share of the lodge to the senator when he returned from serving in World War II. He co-owned the lodge with

Bill and Katherine Wilson from 1946 until it burned to the ground in 1951.

Barry Jr. worked a few summers at the lodge and listened in awe as Bill Wilson, a tough outdoorsman, talked about riding with the legendary “Rough Riders” and heading up San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt during the Spanish-American War.

“He was a kind, generous but tough old man who had lots of stories, lots of tales,” Barry Jr. recalls. “He was a rough-and-tumble [individual], and his hands were gnarled and thick with calluses from years of handling horses. I’m sure he broke every finger on his hands.”

Katherine Wilson took charge of feeding the working cowboys and occasional guests, no easy task in an era that predated microwaves and high-tech stoves. Barry Jr. began every morning by starting a fire in the stove.

“This huge, cast-iron stove was about 6 feet wide and about 3 to 4 feet deep,” he says. “We’d get the coffee on, and Bill’s wife would come down and fix breakfast for everyone, and at that elevation it was chilly, so we’d sit around the stove and then we’d go to work.”

It didn’t matter that Barry Jr. was the son of the owner. There were no special privileges for him as he worked long days with the cowboys. He played with Navajo children during his time off, learning their language and often helping out at the trading post.

Rainbow Lodge also hosted tourists, with the highlight of a stay being an overnight, guided trail ride to the magnificent natural stone wonder, Rainbow Bridge. The journey left a lifelong impression on Barry Jr. “The last 3 or 4 miles were down the riverbed, and at that last bend, Rainbow Bridge just jumped out at you. It almost knocked you off your horse, it was so magnificent, so godlike, and I never ceased to be amazed.”

BARRY GOLDWATER SR., who learned to fly in 1929, sometimes piloted his airplane to the reservation, occasionally taking his other children, Joanne, Michael and Peggy Jr., with him. The northeastern corner of the state became sacred land to the politician.

“You learn — as soon as you come up to live in this country — you learn to respect the Indian, because this is where he lives, not where you live,” he once told friend and television helicopter pilot Jerry Foster.

Goldwater was also a frequent visitor of the Gouldings, who operated a lodge and trading post on another part of the reservation, Monument Valley. Decades later, Goldwater told stories to friends about watching legendary filmmaker John Ford make Westerns there. “The Indians used to get very confused,” he said, “because [Ford] would come up here and hire Indians and then would have to have them get painted up, and the Indians would say, ‘What the hell does he think we are, anyway?’”

Then there were the flights that Goldwater didn’t talk much about, but Barry Jr. remembers them.

“He flew often in the Navajo country and had a lot of Navajo friends,” he says. “Every once in a while, he’d go and pick up someone who was sick and would bring them down to Phoenix.” Those missions of mercy would remain under the public radar.

One unforgettable trip for Barry Jr. took place during the summer of 1951, when he turned 13. His father took 20 YMCA kids down the Colorado River in rubber rafts. “About the time we got close to Rainbow Bridge, we were running out of food,” he remembers. “So, he asked me and another boy to walk up to Rainbow Lodge and bring down several pack animals with food from the Wilsons. So, we hiked 14 miles, and we didn’t get in until late at night. It was dark, but of course the stars were out, and it was light enough to see where we were walking. About a week later, the lodge burned down, and I haven’t been back there since.”

The August 1951 fire meant the end of Rainbow Lodge. Goldwater returned in 1983, when Foster flew him in with Lake Powell guide Stan Jones, photographers Nyle Leatham and Bryan Neumeister, and artist Ed Mell. The moment humbled Goldwater, bringing him to tears.

“We’d looked for it once before and were intending to just fly by it,” Foster recalls. But anyone who knew the senator, or Foster, knew they couldn’t pass up an opportunity.

“When we landed at the lodge, there wasn’t anything much left but the foundation, and it brought tears to his eyes. I just wanted to put my arms around him and hug him. It was such an emotional time for him.”

“He was right where he belonged. He loved the outdoors. He loved the Indian people. He loved everything about Navajo Mountain, the Navajo Reservation.”



“We’re standing now where the kitchen was,” Goldwater said that day. “This is where the fire started. We only had one shower, and a cowboy came in to take a shower and put his cigarette on the window, and a breeze kicked it off.”

Stan Jones wrote about the visit in his book *Ramblings in Lake Powell Country*, describing how Goldwater pointed out a big block of concrete with heavy bolts still in it, telling how he had poured the cement for what became a foundation for the generator.

He posed for pictures there, but his knees and hips were failing him, and he moved slowly about the ruins, sometimes overwhelmed with emotion. This was a Goldwater the public rarely saw.

“He was in the later part of his life,” Mell says. “He led such an exciting life, and having that place up there was, back then, a

The participants in this burro trek near Rainbow Lodge are difficult to identify, but Barry Goldwater Jr. says the man leading the group looks like “Whitey,” a cowboy who worked at the lodge.

GOLDWATER COLLECTION



chancy thing to do. You know, guys who took chances look back as that being the best part of their lives.”

Simply put, on this isolated, quiet piece of land in Northern Arizona, Goldwater was home.

“Peggy said they were the best years of their lives,” Foster says. “He was right where he belonged. He loved the outdoors. He loved the Indian people. He loved everything about Navajo Mountain, the Navajo Reservation. There’s not a whole lot of one area on that reservation that we didn’t cover.”

Foster and Goldwater would make one more trip to Rainbow Lodge. In December 1985, the senator’s beloved wife died, and a piece of him died with her. Foster, who had the privilege of flying Goldwater for decades, knew his routine. “Every time we flew some-

where, he’d go to the terminal and call her,” he says. “Even after she passed on, we flew somewhere and I knew where he was going. He told me, ‘Boy, I just can’t get used to it, not calling Peggy.’”

In his autobiography, *Goldwater*, the senator wrote about how, a few weeks after Peggy’s death, Foster flew him up to Lake Powell, then over to Rainbow Lodge. Once again, tears welled up from memory — this time, for memories lost.

“I’ll never forget Jerry for that act of kindness,” Goldwater wrote. “The trip took me back to our honeymoon. For an instant, the face of my beautiful young bride appeared on the emptiness of the lodge and my heart. Then she was gone. We flew home. But Peg was there ... in the face of the desert and brown hills. My tears clouded the clear blue sky.” **AH**

IN IT FOR THE LONG HAUL

Howard Calvert is a retired schoolteacher from metropolitan Phoenix. That alone is quite an accomplishment. But since the final bell rang, the 73-year-old has hiked the Appalachian Trail (2,200 miles) and the Pacific Crest Trail (2,660 miles), and in 2012, he completed the Arizona Trail (817 miles). He's logged a lot of miles, but he's gearing up for even more. "I'm healthiest when I'm on the trail," he says.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY | PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN SHELL

Howard Calvert made two attempts at the Arizona Trail in the mid-1990s. He recently finished the 817-mile journey as a 72-year-old retiree.



A little before 9 a.m., the parking lot at the Picketpost Mountain Trailhead is empty. Howard Calvert squints at the tall, namesake formation, backlit by the sun. When he hiked this part of the Arizona Trail a year earlier, it was from the other direction. “It’s weird,” he says. “It doesn’t look like a picket post at all from here. It’s like looking at the back of someone’s head.”

But the trail under Calvert’s feet feels familiar. “It’s nice to get back on the trail,” he says. “It’s like a homecoming for me.”

Calvert, a retired elementary-school teacher, is one of a small but growing number of people who have hiked the entire length of America’s newest long trail. Spanning 817 miles, the Arizona Trail begins at the Coronado National Memorial, near the U.S.-Mexico border, and ends at the Utah state line. Calvert was 72 when he finished in 2012, becoming the second-oldest person known to have done so. (The oldest was Ed Cleveland, who was 78 when he finished the trail in 2008.)

It’s a notable achievement, but it’s not Calvert’s first or even his most impressive. He once walked the entire perimeter of Ireland, and he is a veteran of both the 2,200-mile Appalachian Trail, which passes through 14 states from Georgia to Maine, and the 2,660-mile Pacific Crest Trail, which extends from the U.S.-Mexico border in California to British Columbia.

Calvert, now 73, is a fit 140 pounds. Today, dressed in a collared T-shirt, khaki shorts and sneakers, he looks as though he’s taking a stroll through a park. His only hiking apparel is a hat with flaps to cover his ears and neck. He doesn’t carry a CamelBak, even on longer hikes.

“I got tired of it clogging up and the taste of the rubber,” he says.

Hiking came naturally to Calvert, who ran cross-country in high school. In the Army, on maneuvers, he took his first long treks with a full pack. For him, it was easy. After the Army, while working as a schoolteacher in California, he joined the Sierra Club and did a piece of the John Muir Trail. In the ’90s, he moved to Arizona and took a job in the Kyrene School District in Chandler. For years, he celebrated the end of the school year with a Rim-to-Rim-to-Rim hike at the Grand Canyon.

“I used to call that the main event,” Calvert says. “Like a boxer has a main event. He practices, watches what he eats and gears himself to handle the stress. I did it maybe four or five times.”

Back then, Calvert made two attempts at the Arizona Trail. “Actually, it was scary to me,” Calvert says. “Certain sections weren’t completed; certain sections didn’t have water. So I’ve been hanging out, waiting for it to get finished.”

Still, Calvert didn’t really get serious about hiking until after he retired.

“I was driving around [the country], staying in hostels,” he recalls. “I ran into people on the Appalachian Trail. They were all trim and having a great time, and I just decided, ‘I’m going to do this.’”

So Calvert came back to Chandler, sold his house and car, and found homes for his two dogs.

“I just thought I’d be a vagabond,” he says. “I had 32 years of teaching school, obligations out the gazoo. I just wanted to get away from everything, so I did it.”

There were plenty of times Calvert felt like quitting, he recalls, but he kept going because he didn’t have anywhere else to go.

“Plus, I told my family and everybody I was going to do this,” he says.

Calvert stops briefly to sit in the shade of a paloverde, reaching into his daypack for a canister of water and a handful of peanuts.

“This is a really nice view right here,” Calvert says. “From here to the Gila River is one of the prettiest parts of this trail.”

For a few minutes, he sits in silence; the only sounds are the squeak of a Gila woodpecker and the whistle of a curve-billed thrasher.

The quiet and solitude are, for Calvert, part of the Arizona Trail’s appeal. Unlike the older, better-known trails, on the AZT he sometimes went days without seeing another hiker.

“I think a joy for any hiker is the time you get to spend alone,” he says. “I just spend all day talking to myself. I go over the happiness I’ve had, the sad things. Some of my best ideas came to me while hiking. I’ve generated goals on hikes that have changed my life.”

A few minutes later, Calvert dusts off his daypack, pulling a cactus spine from the bottom, and continues. His hiking style is unhurried and steady. He takes regular breaks, but never for long.

“I always want to see what’s around the next corner,” he says.

The Appalachian Trail earned Calvert the moniker “Day-breaker,” for his tendency to set out at first light, and taught him a lot about long-distance hiking.

“I learn things if I have physical pain,” he says. “And I also learn things if I lose money. I thought, ‘Boy, I’m going to get with all these great hikers, and I’m going to learn so much from these guys.’ You know, equipment, all that stuff.”

“I spent a lot of time at REI, spending all kinds of money, and guess what? I found out that the real experienced hik-

ers don’t have expensive equipment at all. In fact, they carry hardly any equipment. Their passion is weight. You can go a lot farther if you’re lighter. It’s safer. And when you do a long trail, you find a lot of stuff you carry, you never use.”

After the Appalachian Trail, Calvert worked on a cruise line as a dance host, completed the Pacific Crest Trail and eventually returned to Arizona. The Arizona Trail, which was completed in 2011, beckoned. He hiked it in 44 hiking days over two years, and he leapfrogged over the Santa Catalina and Huachuca mountains, because of snow, and the Mazatzal Divide, which he had heard was the most difficult segment to navigate.

“I don’t want to be wandering around lost and going without water at my age,” he says with a laugh.

Calvert returned to the Catalinas and Huachucas in the spring and saved the Mazatzals for last, tackling that segment with David Hicks, the former executive director of the Arizona Trail Association. He finished on May 10 and ranks it his favorite long trail.

“It’s so beautiful,” he says. “You’re doing high mountains, you’re doing desert, you’re doing everything. You can lay out on top of your tent without putting it up. Watch the stars. Bugs don’t bother you. Try doing that on the Appalachian Trail. You’d be covered in mosquitoes.”

Calvert admits it wasn’t always easy. One of the biggest challenges on the Arizona Trail is water. There were times he’d arrive at a stock tank he’d scouted in advance, only to find it almost completely dry. When times got tough, he’d remind himself, *This too shall pass*.

“It happens in life, and it happens as a hiker,” he says. “You’re lost, you’re hurting, you’ve sprained something, the weather’s horrible. I could get away from those bad times. I could stay at home and watch TV every day and go and do this, do that, and never do anything. Bo-ring.”

When he’s 75, Calvert plans to hike the Pacific Crest Trail a second time. And then he wants to do the Arizona Trail again.

“[In October 2012], I’ll be 73, and I have no pain,” he says. His doctors credit his hiking.

“To be honest with you, I’m never healthier than when I’m on the trail,” Calvert says. “You don’t have time to think about your little ailments. All you think about is moving. When I go to sleep, I don’t have worries. And everything is heightened.”

“When you’re eating three meals a day, it’s not as exciting as when you’re hiking and you get into a restaurant and you’re starving. Every morsel of food explodes in your mouth.”

Once, on the Appalachian Trail, someone offered him a can of peas.

“I don’t even like peas, but I took those peas, and they tasted so wonderful. Oh, my God.”

There were times he’d arrive at a stock tank he’d scouted in advance, only to find it almost completely dry.



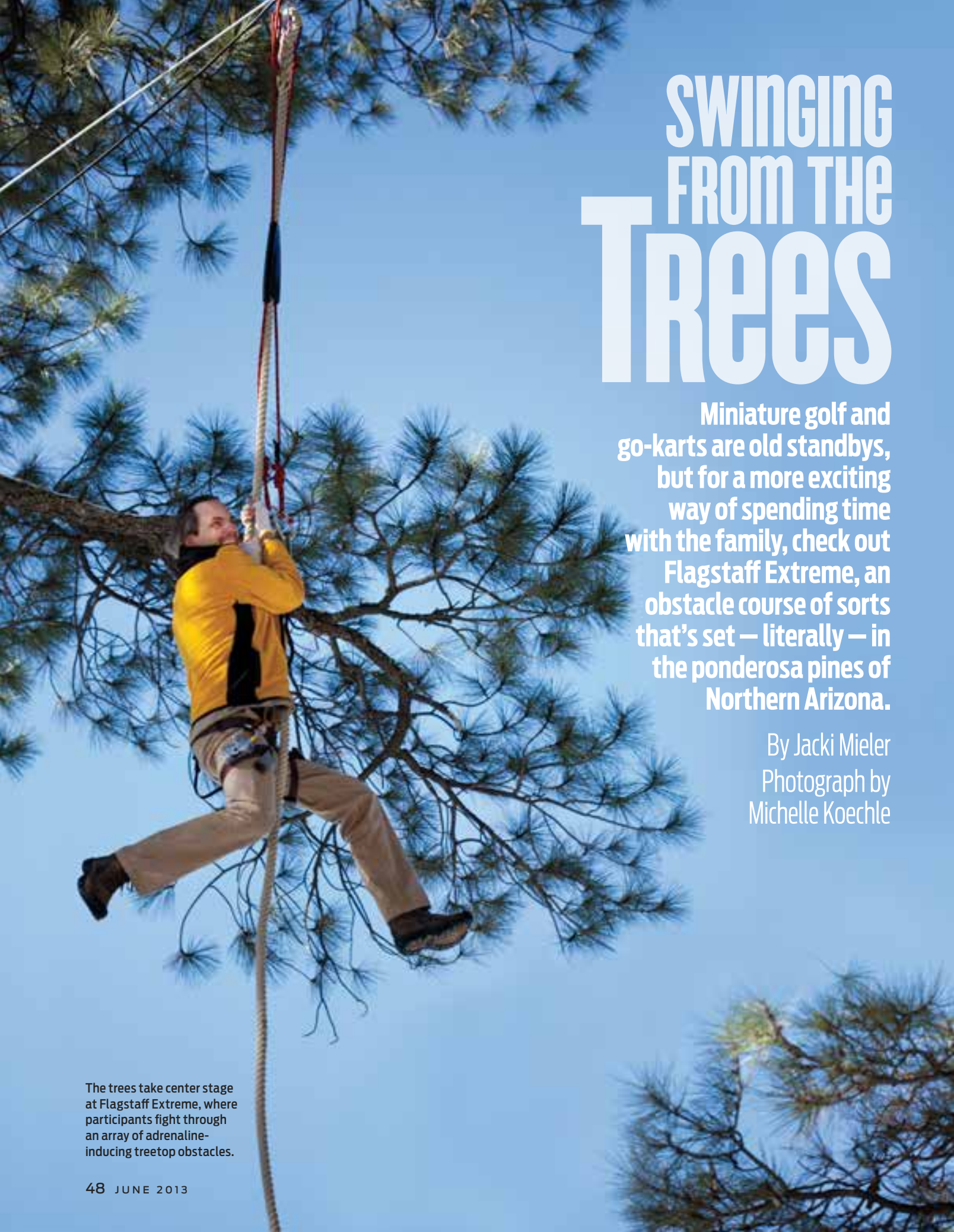
Howard Calvert plans to tackle the Arizona Trail again. He — and his doctors — credit his continued good health to his hiking regimen.

Calvert also enjoys the challenge.

“You don’t have bragging rights, really,” Calvert says. “Other people I tell these stories to, and their eyes glaze over. I had a sister-in-law who thought there was a sidewalk we used. And then there are people like my girlfriend, who thinks it’s dangerous. She thinks there are all kinds of animals out here ready to bite me. She doesn’t realize it’s a joy to see an animal.”

Calvert still walks about 50 miles a week, though these days he considers himself an urban hiker. He’s explored Usery Park, South Mountain, Papago Park and Camelback Mountain. He walked from his home near Old Town Scottsdale to downtown Phoenix — it took him three and a half hours — then took the bus home. He walks 10 to 15 miles a day, Monday through Thursday. He doesn’t own a car or a television. He takes a book and tries to read 100 pages a day.

“My only goal is to stay alive, stay healthy, make as many friends as I can, enjoy life,” he says. “I only have a brother and a sister left, and they both suffer from Alzheimer’s disease. They’ve always been 10 years ahead of me. So I figure whatever happens to them is probably going to happen to me. So I have 10 years before I start falling apart, because you can’t stay here forever. I tell people I’ll go until I pass on.” **AH**



SWINGING FROM THE TREES

Miniature golf and go-karts are old standbys, but for a more exciting way of spending time with the family, check out Flagstaff Extreme, an obstacle course of sorts that's set — literally — in the ponderosa pines of Northern Arizona.

By Jacki Mieler
Photograph by
Michelle Koechle

The trees take center stage at Flagstaff Extreme, where participants fight through an array of adrenaline-inducing treetop obstacles.

M

Y 10-YEAR-OLD stepson, Josh, casually threw down the gauntlet over breakfast. “Dad, I don’t think you’ll be able to do the Black Course,” he told my husband, Rusty.

The seasoned veteran of our trio, Josh was the only one to have actually visited the Flagstaff Extreme treetop adventure course where the famed “Black Course” lurks. I noticed that the gauntlet wasn’t thrown my way, and my inner competitive spirit took over. I *would* conquer the Black Course. It was only after talking to Flagstaff Extreme owner Paul Kent that I learned a mere 25 percent of the participants finish all four adult courses, of which the Black is the harrowing finale.

Like many ideas, Kent’s impetus to build Flagstaff Extreme was born of a desire to take a memorable experience from elsewhere and bring it to his own backyard. While visiting family in upstate New York, he saw an advertisement for a similar course, but he didn’t fully grasp the concept until he tried it himself.

“It was adrenaline, it was physical, it was nature and it was unique,” Kent said of the experience.

While living in Phoenix, he and his wife often escaped to Flagstaff with their young children, but it was difficult to find outdoor activities for the entire family. Kent recalled the exhilaration he felt on the New York course and realized that playing in the trees transcends age and elicits the inner child in anyone.

Kent found a willing partner in Coconino County, and beginning in late 2011, more than 100 of the iconic ponderosa pines in Fort Tuthill County Park became part of Flagstaff Extreme. The first guests stepped on the course in May 2012 for what Kent described as “a series of elements, games and challenges that you traverse while testing your limits.” Put more simply, it’s “scary fun.”

With visions of the Black Course consuming my thoughts, I grabbed my harness, got instructions on how to operate the two-carabiner safety system, and

learned that when said three times, the word “guide” would earn me a rescue from the trees — heel-clicking optional.

Feet firmly on the ground, Rusty and I watched the seasoned veteran attack the Kids Course with reckless abandon, knowing he was counting the days until his 12th birthday and access to the first two adult courses.

The four adult courses must be tackled in order, so I had to conquer Green, Blue and Red before even worrying about Black. Each course is a combination of action elements — where the game moves with you — and bridges that you work your way across. Sounds innocent enough. Until you realize you’re anywhere from 12 to 62 feet off the ground.

As we climbed the ladder up to the Green Course, I noticed an evil twinkle in my husband’s eye when our guide mentioned that two people are allowed on the bridge elements at a time. Judging by the echo of female screams reverberating through the trees, I knew my husband wasn’t the only one giddy at the prospect of shaking and swaying the bridge as his wife methodically tried to cross.

I got my bearings on the Green Course and got comfortable with working around my harness, using my weight to balance while screaming at Rusty. By the time we crossed several bridges and shimmed through a swinging barrel, I was feeling confident as I clipped into my first zip line and let myself fly through the trees.

Those trees are the stars of the show, and when Kent brought course designer Outplay Adventures to Flagstaff, the company worked from the premise that “it’s all about the trees.” In the entire design, only one tree was removed, and the process of securing cables and platforms was so gentle that the entire operation could go away tomorrow and the trees would remain as they have for centuries.

I hit my stride on the Blue Course, moving over the individual log obstacle known as “chopsticks” and stopping short of beating my chest as I clung to the Tarzan rope. Eighteen obstacles later, Flagstaff Extreme’s longest zip line was an invigorating conclusion to Blue.

Climbing the ladder to the Red

Course, I knew the game was changing. No longer did we have the stable ladders of Green and Blue; instead, it swayed as we made our way up, then up some more. The “top of the world” view was a welcome reward for the breathtaking climb to the highest platform, 62 feet above the ground.

With three zip lines and a skateboard obstacle, Red sounds like child’s play. My body would disagree; I started feeling the effects of calling upon some rarely used muscle groups.

All of a sudden, the signs changed to Black, and we arrived at the point where three-quarters of participants in their right minds had already exited the course. And due to some poor planning on our part, Rusty was one of them; he scurried down the ladder to take Josh to baseball practice.

There I was, on my own, with the seven Black Course obstacles looming. Kent told me guests often bond on the course, and I will eternally be grateful for the kindness of two strangers from Phoenix who became my support team.

They coached me through the first bridge, which, with its missing and shifted planks, required more brains than muscle. They gave me a pep talk as I mustered the courage to navigate my feet through a series of swinging rings and planks. And I dug deep to will my tired arms to propel me across the final cargo net.

I added to the echoes of screams throughout the course when I flew victoriously down the zip line and my feet met the ground for the final time, with four courses of “scary fun” behind me. After all the gauntlet-throwing, I was the one who earned the Black Course T-shirt, which I wore home with pride.

IF YOU GO

Flagstaff Extreme Adventure Course is located on Fort Tuthill Loop Road in Flagstaff. For information, call 888-259-0125 or visit www.flagstaffextreme.com.

• Full Course (ages 16+): \$45 plus tax

• Accompanied Full Course (ages 12-15): \$45 plus tax, and must be accompanied by someone 18 or older

• Kids Course (ages 7-11): \$25 plus tax, and must be accompanied by someone 18 or older supervising from the ground **AH**

Biker Chick

FROM THE LONELY summit of Mount Lemmon, the caravan of spandex-clad cyclists and huffing minivans climbing the Catalina Highway for a change of scenery looks like a line of ants marching across a watermelon. Zephane Blasi spends a lot of time on these pine-shaded slopes a mere 40 miles from the center of Tucson, but she's usually moving far too fast to spot her house on the cement waffle below.

As best anyone can tell, Blasi is the only professional mountain-biker who lives in Arizona year-round. As the summer heat bakes the desert below, that means driving up Lemmon to hit the trails that zigzag across the breezy sky island.

Blasi, 36, chose this setting. A native of outdoorsy Missoula, Montana, she moved to Arizona as part of her plan to climb the mountain-biking ranks, hoping to eventually land a spot on the U.S. team at the 2016 Olympic Games in Brazil. It's no long shot — Blasi is consistently ranked as one of the 10 best female mountain-bikers in the country, and she's only getting better as she travels to race against Europeans, who've long dominated the sport, and the fast-improving Chinese on their native turfs.

"In the winter, Arizona is awesome," says Blasi, whose easy cadence, wavy blond hair and petite frame make her seem like a Wildcat coed turned townie. "We have so many professional athletes here in the winter because you can train without worrying about the weather. In Montana, I used to have to get bundled up in gloves and a hat. But the summers are really hard — and I really hate rattlesnakes."

On this Saturday in late August, Blasi takes it easy as she rides along the Marshall Gulch and Sunset trails, dusting up pine needles, popping over gnarled roots and bombing down a steep slab of granite where hikers walk gingerly. All this as she's on the mend from a concussion she suffered here a week ago.

In one section of the Aspen Draw Trail, riders have to quickly weave their handlebars between twinned aspens. Monsoons slicked the path, and Blasi lost control, putting her helmet to good use. "I've been pretty out of it all week," she says, chewing on carrots and celery from a hummus plate at Summerhaven's Sawmill Run restaurant. "Today, I walked a few sections I'd normally ride because I still don't feel quite right. I don't wreck often, but when I do, it's pretty nasty."

Blasi has been falling more lately, but it's because she's been pushing herself. She easily bests the other women in local races, often "chicking" most of the male racers in the process.

Zephane Blasi rides a Bianchi Methanol mountain bike. It's a powerful machine for a petite rider, but she can handle it, to say the least. In fact, Blasi is ranked as one of the 10 best female mountain-bikers in the country, and she's fighting for a spot on the U.S. Olympic Team that'll be headed to Brazil in 2016.

BY MARTIN CIZMAR
PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WAGNER

watch the races and cheer," she says. "They're rooty, rocky, muddy courses. You have to be mean, because everybody is fighting for that single track."

She hasn't won anything on the World Cup circuit, but the challenge is paying off, says her veteran coach, Rob Kelley. He says her chances of making the Olympics seem good, although it's too early to know for sure.

"Zephane's strongest suit is her handling ability — she's done some downhill races in the past, and so she's very comfortable going downhill fast," he says. "If you don't race a mountain bike, you'd be shocked at what they have to ride over, and being tentative is the kiss of death."

Stateside, she rides for crowds of hundreds, and even if she does make the Olympics, it likely won't pay off with fat contracts. Blasi is an elite athlete in an obscure sport where the odds of cashing in are on par with winning the Powerball.

Her husband pays the bills working as an aircraft mechanic, and he uses those skills to keep her bumblebee-colored Bianchi Methanol, which is worth more than the Chevrolet truck that carries it, in tip-top shape.

But Blasi is used to people thinking she's crazy for getting up before the summer sun to brave rocky gullies for a job that doesn't pay much. At least Blasi's mother — who cycles 6 miles to work every day, even in the Montana winters that drove Blasi to Arizona — understands.

"My mom is very proud of me," Blasi says. "My dad doesn't really understand it. He says, 'Well, if you're not making a lot of money and it's a lot of work, why are you doing it?' But there's a self-satisfaction. I just love it so much." **AW**

"She humbles a lot of men," says her husband, Chad. "They don't really know who she is until they start riding and she just punishes them."

"I do enjoy that," Blasi says. "Especially if the men are a little arrogant."

But no one gets better by winning all the time. Blasi felt she was in a rut in the American circuit, so she asked her coach to find a team in the World Cup series in Europe. She now races with English women a decade her junior, riding for boisterous crowds of Europeans who set up chairs and blankets along wooded courses in Belgium and the Czech Republic. "Over there, it's like college football — thousands of people show up to



Young Highway

From the ponderosas of the Mogollon Rim to the saguaros of the Sonoran Desert, this National Scenic Byway goes from one extreme to another, all in the course of 74 miles.

BY NOAH AUSTIN

The first thing you need to know about this National Scenic Byway — officially known as From the Desert to Tall Pines Scenic Road but known informally as the Young Highway — is that it isn't a drive you can do before lunchtime. This 74-mile back

road, from State Route 260 near Payson to State Route 188 north of Globe, winds through ponderosa pines and grasslands before shifting abruptly to the saguaros of Arizona's high desert. Large sections of the road are unpaved or lack guard-rails, so patience — along with a light

foot on the accelerator — is a must. Pack a picnic lunch, and take your time. The scenery, particularly toward the end, is worth it.

Heading south on Forest Road 512, past an aspen grove, you'll come to the first of two areas hit by recent wildfires. Despite the devastation, you'll see that saplings are springing up to replace the burned ponderosas. A little farther south, as you crest a hill at Mile 14, you'll get a nice look at the Mogollon Rim on your right. It's the first of many breathtaking views. Several pullouts line this narrow road, so stop frequently and enjoy the panoramas — particularly at Mile 19 — that show the stark contrast between the wildfire-scorched trees on the left and the dense forest on the right.

From there, you'll descend into Young, an isolated community that didn't even have outside electricity until the mid-1960s. Fewer than 600 people call Young home, and a drive through it is like traveling back in time. It's a good place to stop for lunch, either the one you packed or the one you'll order at Antlers, the town's only restaurant.

South of Young, the road climbs again, and a vista point at Mile 31 provides another view of the Mogollon Rim, along with the town below. The canopy then begins to open up as small trees and bushes replace the taller pines, and on a clear day, the blue sky, combined with the silence of this isolated area, is spectacular.

At Mile 41, McFadden Peak (7,135 feet above sea level) dominates the view as you begin the descent into the desert. You'll pass several lush riparian areas, and the streams offer excellent opportunities

to see birds, deer and other wildlife. But the real payoff is an incredible panorama of Roosevelt Lake, with its surrounding red cliffs and mountains to the south. The jaw-dropping views continue for several miles, but be careful not to let them lead you off the road — there are numerous sharp turns as you lose altitude.

Before long, you'll find yourself among the saguaros and prickly pear cactuses that are the Sonoran Desert's trademarks. Once you've dropped into the desert, it's just a short drive to a one-lane bridge over the Salt River, and another short trip from there to the drive's conclusion at State Route 188. After the leisurely pace that's necessary on the Young Highway, the trip back home will feel like light speed by comparison.

ADDITIONAL READING:

For more scenic drives, pick up a copy of our book *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, visit www.shoparizonahighways.com/books.



tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 74 miles one way

DIRECTIONS: From Payson, drive east on State Route 260 for 32 miles to Forest Road 512 and turn right. FR 512 becomes State Route 288 (Young Highway) near Young and ends at its junction with State Route 188 near Globe.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: A standard SUV is recommended. While the road is passable with a sedan in good weather, some mountainous sections receive little sunlight and might remain muddy or icy for several days after a storm.

WARNING: Back-road travel can be hazardous, so be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you are going and when you plan to return.

INFORMATION: Pleasant Valley Ranger District, 928-462-4300 or www.fs.usda.gov/tonto

511 Travelers in Arizona can visit www.az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more. **AH**

LEFT: Near the northern end of the Young Highway, ponderosa pines — old and new — dominate the scenery. | MOREY K. MILBRADT
OPPOSITE PAGE: The red cliffs of Parker Canyon, set against the backdrop of Roosevelt Lake, are a worthwhile payoff near the drive's conclusion. | NICK BEREZENKO

Rainbow Rim Trail

There are many incredible hikes along the various rims of the Grand Canyon, but one of the best is one you’ve never heard of. Welcome to Rainbow Rim.

BY ROBERT STIEVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHANE McDERMOTT

There isn’t a pot of gold at the end of this trail, but there’s something more impressive: the Grand Canyon. Despite the visual impact of a pile of money, the views from this remote trail are even better. They’re priceless, and they’re unlike anything you’ll see in the national park or on postcards or in coffee-table books featuring photos of the most beautiful places on Earth. Holy cow, holy moly, holy ... the views are out of this world.

In all, the trail runs for 18 miles from Timp Point on the south end to Parissawampitts Point up north. Those are two of the five major points that jut into the Canyon from the western edge of the Kaibab Plateau. The other three are

Fence, Locust and North Timp. With a car-shuttle system or an overnight backpack, hiking all 18 miles is the way to go, but for a simple day hike, it’s hard to beat the southernmost segment, from Timp Point to North Timp Point.

The hike begins at a scenic overlook that’ll make you think twice about hitting the trail. *Why would I ever leave this place?* you’ll wonder. You’ll wonder the same thing at North Timp Point, but first you’ll have to get there, and that’s hardly a hardship. Within the first 60 seconds, the route makes a 90-degree turn away from the Canyon. It’s counter-intuitive, but that’s the nature of the Rainbow Rim Trail. It winds in and around a series of small, steep side can-

yons, and it never seems to be headed toward its namesake rim. Eventually, however, it gets there.

The trees at the outset are mostly ponderosas, and some of them have been tickled by fire. The black marks are obvious, but they’re nothing like the fire damage you’ll drive through on parts of the North Rim Parkway.

After about 10 minutes, the trail veers north, then east through an open forest to a pair of giant, old-growth ponderosas. The first aspen shows up a few minutes later on the ridge of one of the side canyons.

The canyons, which are a constant along the way, make this trail a lot longer than the straight-line distance

between Timp and North Timp points. Napoleon would have built bridges. You’ll take the scenic route, which continues downhill to the bottom of a gully that’s verdant and damp — by Arizona standards — and thick with old-growth trees.

From the gully, the trail zigzags uphill and then makes a beeline for the rim of the Canyon. There you’ll see an incredible panorama that includes Timp Point (to the left), the Powell Plateau, Steamboat Mountain, Great Thumb Mesa and Tapeats Amphitheater, as well as the Mount Trumbull Wilderness to the northwest. It’s only a tease, however, because the trail quickly dips back into the forest, which has enough openings in its canopy to allow for some grassy areas below. Look for Kaibab squirrels in the old trees and mule deer all around. There are mountain lions in the area, too, and they like to eat the mule deer. You probably won’t see any of the big cats, but you might come upon one of their kill sites. If you do, don’t linger. Although pumas rarely attack human beings, there are exceptions to that rule, and they definitely don’t like sharing their food. Be smart, and be aware of their

presence. That’s the point.

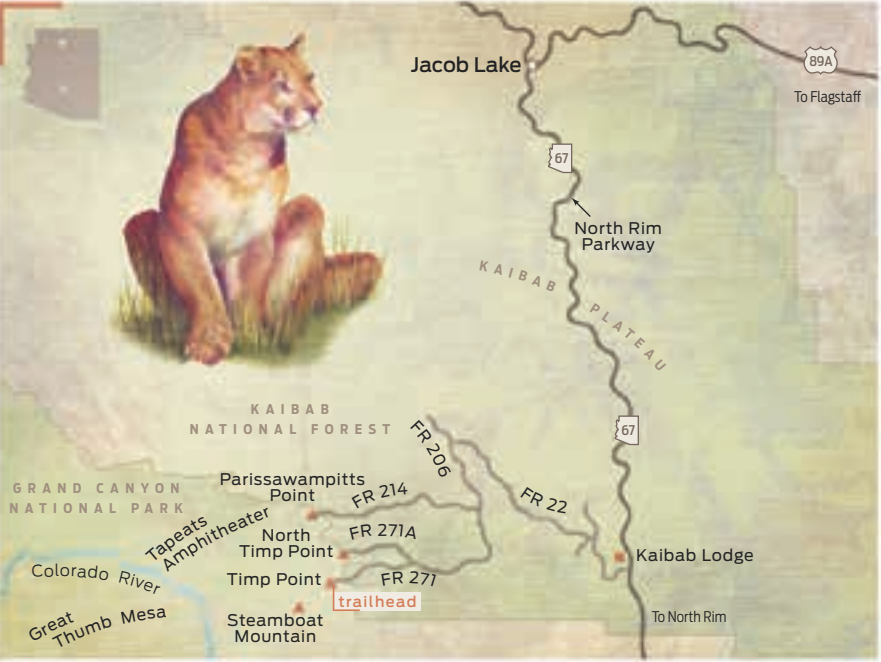
The rest of the route continues through the woods and, after about an hour, arrives at North Timp Point. If you’re lucky, you have a second SUV parked at Locust Point, Fence Point or Parissawampitts Point. If not, this is your turnaround, but you’ll want to hang out at North Timp for a while. Of the rim’s five scenic viewpoints, this one is the best. It’s Mother Nature’s version of a pile of money.



ABOVE: Ponderosa pines are common along the Rainbow Rim Trail between Timp and North Timp points.

OPPOSITE PAGE: North Timp Point offers a stunning panorama of the Grand Canyon, including Steamboat Mountain.

ADDITIONAL READING: For more hikes, pick up a copy of *Arizona Highways Hiking Guide*, which features 52 of the state’s best trails — one for each weekend of the year, sorted by seasons. To order a copy, visit www.shoparizonahighways.com/books.



trail guide

- LENGTH:** 6 miles round-trip (Timp Point to North Timp Point)
DIFFICULTY: Easy
ELEVATION: 7,611 to 7,657 feet
TRAILHEAD GPS: N 36° 22.913', W 112° 21.379'
DIRECTIONS: From Jacob Lake, drive south on State Route 67 for 26 miles to Forest Road 22. Turn right onto FR 22 and drive 10.4 miles to Forest Road 206. Turn left onto FR 206 and drive 4.9 miles to Forest Road 271. Veer left onto FR 271 and continue 7.9 miles to the trailhead at Timp Point.
VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: A high-clearance vehicle is recommended.
DOGS ALLOWED: Yes (on a leash)
HORSES ALLOWED: Yes
USGS MAP: Timp Point
INFORMATION: North Kaibab Ranger District, 928-643-7395 or www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab
LEAVE-NO-TRACE PRINCIPLES:
- Plan ahead and be prepared.
 - Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
 - Dispose of waste properly and pack out all of your trash.
 - Leave what you find.
 - Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
 - Be considerate of others. **AH**

where is this?



ANDREW PIELAGE

Wright Angles

The land on which this landmark was built cost \$3.50 an acre when it was purchased in 1937 (it's gone up since then), and the structure itself was built with local materials, in keeping with its designer's preference. The property was designated a National Historic Landmark in 1982.

— NOAH AUSTIN

April 2013 Answer & Winner

Two Guns. Congratulations to our winner, Terri Grecik of Highland, Indiana.

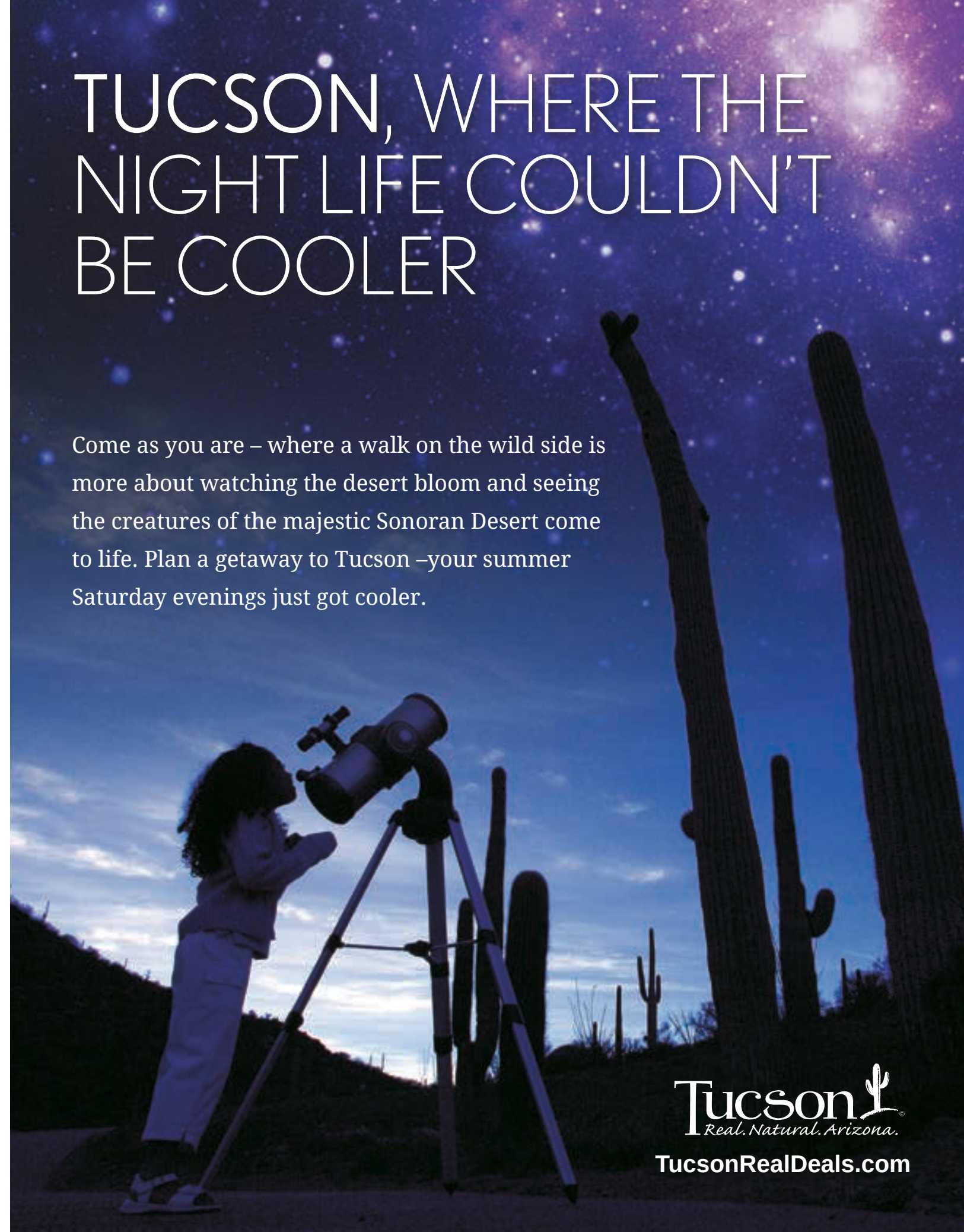


MIKE OLBINSKI

Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location pictured at left and email your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009 (write "Where Is This?" on the envelope). Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by June 15, 2013. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our August issue and online at www.arizonahighways.com beginning July 15.

TUCSON, WHERE THE NIGHT LIFE COULDN'T BE COOLER

Come as you are – where a walk on the wild side is more about watching the desert bloom and seeing the creatures of the majestic Sonoran Desert come to life. Plan a getaway to Tucson –your summer Saturday evenings just got cooler.



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